SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States.—Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1877, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Vol. LVII. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 37 South Seventh Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1877. $2.00 a Year, in Advance. Five Cents a Copy. No. 17.

RECOLLECTION.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

He died in the woods of the Tippecanoe,
In a lone log cabin with never the glow
Of the full day's sun for the whole year thro'—
Just strange half hints through the russet corn
Of children's voices hurried one night. At morn
There was frost in the trees, and a spatter of snow,
And ice in on the puncheon. Three days I stayed
The low voices listened. We opened the door
And a girl baby cried—and then we were four.

We were not born hardy, and we were not wise
In the things of the world or the ways of men.
Our father was weak with a painter's eyes,
A father that dreamed and loved and wrote.
Three brothers—wild blossoms, all fashioned and
fair
And we mingled with nature, but we lived as where
The first pair lived on they knew the fall:
And loving all things, we believed in all.

Ah! guiding yourself and throwing your strength
On the front of a forest that stands in mail,
Sounds gallant indeed in a pioneer's tale.
But God in heaven! the sentiment
Of a sad soul bubbled in a life like this!
The smelling of weary-worn acres full length;
Then stooping all day in the stubborn cold soil;
Life holding the heart! It is more than toil!
What heaviness of heart! What wishing to die
In that cold in the earth that was cruel for the day!

We parted wood-curtains, pushed westward, and we,
Why we wandered and wandered a half-year
through:
We trusted with herds as the Arabs do,
And at last sat down by the sundown sea.
Then there in that cabin did my soul make fire!
My glad heart glowed with the one desire
To bide the front, to live, to be.
To strew great thoughts through the world as I
As God sows stars through the firmament.

From Gloom to Sunlight.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "WIFE IN NAME ONLY," "A BRIDE FROM THE SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

The time was noon, of a brilliant June day, the place a gloomy office in a London court which belonged to Arley Ransome—a square room that contained tables covered with deeds and papers, safes secured by massive locks, and filled with works on British law and constitution, bill-files that could literally hold no more, maps of different estates lying carelessly open, large inkstands, quantities of blotting-paper. There was a mingled odor of parchment and sealing-wax. The sun, bright as it was, could not manage to shine into the room, for the grimy, gloomy windows absolutely refused to admit his rays; yet, dark and gloomy as the place appeared, there was a prosperous look about it—an atmosphere of business seemed to pervade it.

Pen in hand, his keen, shrewd face full of deep thought, the owner and occupier, Arley Ransome, sat at the square table, a large parchment deed spread open before him. His one abhorrence of everything except the sheet before him. Drowsy flies hummed and buzzed in the window panes, and he never heard them; they committed suicide in the great inkstands, and he never saw them. To the shining sun and the bright Summer morning he was really indifferent. He read on and on, the lines on his face relaxing until a cold, satirical smile rested on his lips.

He started as though half alarmed when his clerk, opening the door of the room, suddenly announced:

"The Earl of Caraven, sir."

"I am ready to see him," was the reply, but before the Earl entered, the lawyer quickly folded up and put away the deed that had engrossed his attention.

"Am I too soon?" asked a mellow, indolent voice.

Arley Ransome looked up with a smile at the speaker.

"No, my lord; I was expecting you."

"It is something after the fashion in which the spider expects the fly," said the young nobleman. There is one thing to be said, I am a perfectly resigned fly. I have my net in hours await me, and I am prepared for them."

The clerk placed a chair, and, at a signal from his master, quitted the room, but the Earl of Caraven declined the proffered seat. He stood by the mantel-piece, leaning with careless grace upon it.

"It is not the thing to smoke in a lawyer's office," he said; "but I must ask permission to do so. I shall derive some kind of comfort from it."

Arley Ransome bowed, and the Earl of Caraven applied himself to the task of selecting and lighting a cigar.

"I suppose," he said, "that I should furnish an excellent moral as a lesson for all bad boys."

"You would form an excellent warning, my lord," was the grave reply.

"It is the same thing. And now I am prepared for the worst. Want is it?"

Arley Ransome looked with the speaker. There was something of admiration, of pity and of contempt in the long, lingering glance of those shrewd eyes; yet he could not have looked at a nobler face or figure than those of the young Earl!

Handsome, with a worn, haggard kind of beauty, that told its own story—that told of days and nights spent in wild dissipation, told of prodigal habits, of utter absence of self-control, told of an idle, useless, purposeless life, of a nature spoiled and vitiated—the face might have been a noble one but for the lines that self-indulgence had marked there. The head was well shaped and proudly set; it was covered with clusters of fair hair, waving in lines of perfect beauty from a broad, white brow. The face itself was clearly cut, with handsome features, dark-blue eyes, clear, straight brows; the lips were well shaped, and half hidden by a fair drooping moustache. The figure was tall, well-knit, finely formed, with a certain careless, easy grace. The Earl of Caraven, as he stood awaiting his sentence, was a handsome and remarkably young Englishman in the spring-tide of life, retaining much of his natural strength and vigor, although he had done his best to destroy them. There was no trembling, no hesitation in his manner; his easy grace and nonchalance did not desert him even while he listened to words that must have been terrible to him.

"Mr. Ransome," he said, at last, with languid nonchalance, "there is no need, figuratively speaking, to keep the axe suspended over my head; tell me the worst at once."

"The worst, my lord, is utter, irretrievable ruin—ruin as complete and so entire that I do not see a chance of saving even one shilling from the wreck!"

The Earl listened quite calmly; his lips, half hidden by the fair moustache, grew a trifle paler—but there was no flinching in the handsome, haggard face.

"Utter ruin!" he repeated. "Well, as they say in bonnie Scotland, 'you cannot both eat your cake and have it.'"

"True, my lord," assented the lawyer.

"I have eaten my cake," continued the younger man—"and I do not deny that the taste of it is bitter enough in my mouth. It has turned to ashes, like Dead Sea fruit. Still, it is eaten, and there is an end of it."

"It is eaten, indeed," said the lawyer.

"You are quite a logician—you can suggest nothing?" said the Earl.

"Every loophole is closed, my lord," was the reply.

"And you are quite sure, Ransome, that there is nothing left on which I can borrow money—nothing more that I can mortgage?"

"I believe, honestly, that the only object belonging to the Earls of Caraven estates which remains unmortgaged, my lord, is yourself," replied Arley Ransome.

"It is equally sure that no one will lend money on me," said Lord Caraven, laughingly. "Give me, not the details, but a resume—give me some faint idea of how I stand."

Arley Ransome, lawyer and money-lender, the calm, inscrutable man of business, looked at the young Earl; perhaps he wondered at his perfect calmness; then he glanced at a sheet of paper lying on the desk.

"It will not be important to hear, Lord Caraven," he said, slowly; "but you ask for it. To begin. At the age of twenty-one you succeeded to the Ravensmere estates and title; the estates were clear of all debts and incumbrances; the earl left behind him thirty thousand per annum; there was, besides, a sum of fifty thousand pounds in the funds, the savings of the late Earl—that is correct, I believe?"

"Quite so," was the curt reply.

"You are now twenty-eight years of age, my lord, and in seven years you have run through a fortune."

"Keep to facts; no comments—plain facts," said the Earl.

"The 'plain facts' are these," continued the lawyer—"the fifty thousand went, I believe, to pay the first year's losses on the Derby."

"Yet my horse won," interrupted Lord Caraven.

"The winning of that Derby was your ruin, my lord. After that you continually forestalled your income by borrowing money; then your losses on the turf and gaming table were so great that you were compelled to raise a heavy mortgage on the estate; then you borrowed money on the pictures, the plate, and the furniture of Ravensmere. In fact, my lord, briefly told, your situation is this—you are hopelessly, helplessly ruined. You owe sixty thousand pounds mortgage money; you owe forty thousand pounds borrowed money and you have nothing to pay it with. You received sixty-three months since that the mortgage money was called in. Unless it be paid in six weeks from now, the estate—Ravensmere Castle, with all its belongings—passes from you; it will be seized with all it contains."

"And you are quite sure that I can borrow no more?" asked the Earl.

"Quite sure, my lord; you have sold all the timber that could sell, as I told you—the only thing left is yourself.

"Then, unless I repay sixty thousand pounds in six week, Ravensmere becomes the property of the man who lent the money?"

"Precisely so," replied Arley Ransome.

"Then I hope he may live to enjoy it, for I have not sixty shillings. Hush," he continued, seeing that the lawyer was about to speak—"no comments! I am a ruined man, as you say; but I will not submit to criticism. I say frankly that I have been a wicked spendthrift and a prodigal; I say frankly that if I could begin life again I would live differently. I have been worse than a fool—I have been a dupe. It is all over now, and I have the price of my folly to pay."

"It is a bitter price, too, my lord. May I ask what you think of doing?"

"You may ask—I know no answer. In six weeks I lose Ravensmere, and with it all sources of income: and, besides that, I am forty thousand pounds in debt, and I have not forty shillings to pay it with. It seems to me there is but one thing to be done."

Arley Ransome looked up, anxiously.

"What is that?" he asked.

"I had better invest the trifle I have remaining in the purchase of a revolver—you are imagining for which purpose; it will be a fitting end to such a career as mine. I really do not think, Ransome, that I have had a hundred thousand pounds' worth of pleasure. What sensation the newspapers will make upon me. They will head their paragraphs, 'Suicide of a Spendthrift Earl'—they will draw excellent morals and warnings from my fate. Lots of our friends will say, 'Caraven was a dupe I must have been; it will not be a noble ending for the last of the Caravens.'

"It will not," said Arley Ransome.

"I remember that on the day I came of age I meant to do better than this, Ransome—before heaven I did! They called me the handsome, the hospitable Earl; now my title is the spendthrift, the ruined Earl. There is nothing for it but a revolver, I cannot beg, I cannot work, I cannot live without money and luxury and pleasure. Without these I must die.

He spoke calmly, as though he were arranging some plan of travel. Arley Ransome looked admiringly at him.

"How this blue blood tells!" thought the lawyer. "Some men would have cried and moaned—would have asked for time and for pity! He faces ruin such as his ancestors faced death on the battle-field." Then seeing the Earl's eyes fixed on him, he said: "It is a sorry ending, my lord."

"Yes, a sorry ending for the last of the Caravens. My poor father called me Ulric, after one of our ancestors who saved a king's life by his devotion. I have not been a worthy descendant of the Ulric Caraven who received in his own breast the sword meant for his liege lord. There is nothing for it, Ransome, but the revolver. I have lived like a king, I have spent royally; I have given royalty, too, but that can not console me. I have done good, as I believed; I have lavished thousands. I have gambled and betted; I have poured out wealth like water under my feet. Now it is over; there is not a small life, but a merry one, I could not live in poverty; I could not count shillings and pounds, measure, weigh and calculate. I hate the name and thought of poverty. As I have lived, so I must die. I deserve no better fate."

Arley Ransome looked at the calm, handsome face.

"You do not seriously mean that you will take your own life, my lord?" he interrogated.

"It seems to be the only thing left for me to take," replied the Earl. "I have lost everything else."

"Will you listen to me, Lord Caraven—listen in patience? I have something to say."

The Earl laid down his cigar. The lawyer was so earnest, so intent, that he carried the other's weaker will with him.

"I have worked hard all my life," said Arley Ransome—"worked as few men have ever done before—from sunrise to sunset, and often through the long, silent night. I have worked because I love money,—because I am ambitious. I have had an end in view, my lord. You know, my lord, that besides practicing as a lawyer, I have been and am now, a money-lender; it is no news to you that I advanced the mortgage money on Ravensmere, and that unless you can pay it, the estate becomes mine."

The Earl's pale, handsome face flushed hotly. It was hard to picture his grand ancestral home in the plebian hands of a money-lender.

"There is, as Milton says, 'a lower depth,' and Ravensmere will fall into it," he said.

"It becomes mine," continues Arley Ransome. "The castle, the estate, the plate, the pictures—they are all mine. Now listen, my lord. I have made a fortune; you inherited one, I have made one."

"You might well do so, lending money at a hundred per cent."

"Never mind how it has been made—I have it," said the lawyer; "and my fortune amounts to two hundred thousand pounds."

"Heaven help those by whom you have made it!"

"It has been honestly made. You have gambled, my lord; I have speculated—and my speculations have all turned out well. I have two hundred thousand pounds, and—I have a daughter." His voice sank, as though he were somewhat ashamed of his words; then he continued: "I have made money because I love it; I want to make a position because I am ambitious. Would to heaven that I had a son! I have spent my life toiling in those gloomy offices; hope has brightened them. Would to heaven that I had a son to carry out my dreams, my hopes, my plans! If I had a son to succeed me, my lord, I would foreclose at once, and make him master of Ravensmere."

"Thank you," interposed Lord Caraven.

"I have a daughter, and she must take the place I fain would have given to my boy. My lord, I make you this offer. You are a ruined man—you tell me there remains for you no hope, nothing but death. Now I will give you life, liberty, wealth. I will make you greater than any of the earls of Caraven have been yet. I will give my daughter a dowry of two hundred thousand pounds if you will marry her."

Lord Caraven lost his self-possession for one half second: he literally looked as he felt—bewildered.

"I do not understand," he said slowly.

"Then I will make my meaning even plainer," returned Arley Ransome. "Make my daughter Countess of Caraven and I, in return will make you a rich man."

The Earl laughed a little incredulous laugh that made the lawyer's face flush.

"Listen, my lord," he said; "wait before you speak. I am ambitious I am ambitious for my daughter. Make her Countess of Caraven, and hear what I will do for you. I will first pay the mortgage money, the sixty thousand pounds; I will clear the estate of all incumbrances, and you shall have your rent-roll free. I will also pay the forty thousand pounds that you owe, leaving you a clear sum. The rest of my money I shall settle on my daughter for her own use and benefit. Think before you answer me."

"I am not a slave-dealer," was the quiet reply.

"Nor am I, my lord. I am speaking of my daughter, who is no slave."

Lord Caraven looked for as a Southern planter might have sold his servant," replied the Earl.

"Nothing of the kind, Lord Caraven, I want rank—you want money. Give me rank—I will give you money. It is a fair bargain."

"I have been a spendthrift and a prodigal, but I have not fallen so low as that, Mr. Ransome. I do not think I shall purchase my life, my safety, my fortune with a woman's gold."

"It is not a woman's gold; it is mine, my lord," said the lawyer. "Marry my daughter, and you will not have another care in the world. She will be happy, and you will be free and wealthy; I shall be content."

"I have known the time," remarked Lord Caraven, "when I would have horsewhipped any man who dared to make such a proposition to me. I imagine all fine feeling has become extinct in me. Can you not manage all this for me without asking me to marry your daughter?"

"No," replied the lawyer, quietly. "As I have told you, if I had a son, he should have been master of Ravensmere; failing that, my daughter must be mistress."

"Not with my consent," said the Earl haughtily.

"Your refusal to marry her makes her more certainly so. If you should refuse—if you prefer ruin, disgrace, dishonor, shame and death to marrying an innocent girl, whose fortune would set you straight in the world—it is at your own option. If you refuse to make my daughter Countess of Caraven, in two month's time she will be known over the land as Miss Ransome of Ravensmere—you will have gained nothing by your refusal."

The Earl saw it, and for the first time during the interview the calmness of his face and manner was broken.

"She is not vulgar at least," he said to himself, as the grave, dark eyes met his own. "I should really have you say that she had been what my fancy painted her—thank heaven she is not! Unformed, shy, inexperienced, half-frightened, what a wife for me—what a mistress for Ravensmere! I have no fault to find with her, but I shall never like her."

So he thought, as in a few, brief words the money-lender introduced his client to his daughter. There was nothing overstrained in her manner, but she was shy—frightened. She answered the few questions he asked—her voice was sweet and clear, with a true ring about it that he liked—had then relapsed into silence.

Her father asked her for a set of engravings, and, as she crossed the room, Lord Caraven saw that she had a queerly lead, crowned with a profusion of beautiful dark hair; she had a pleasant grace of movement that, for an unformed schoolgirl was rare.

"Is it to be 'Yes' or 'No'?" asked Arley Ransome, as his daughter passed for a minute or two out of sight. "You have seen Hildred now you can judge for yourself; give me your answer."

With a sudden smile—and it was wonderful how that smile changed his face—Lord Caraven turned to his host.

"I really think," he said, "that she is emphatically a nice girl—too nice to be sacrificed."

"It is no sacrifice—she will be happy," replied her father. "Do you say 'Yes' or 'No,' my lord? Time is money to me."

"You give me less time for consideration than you would give to a man buying a picture," he replied. "I see no hope in any other way if I did, I should refuse. I tell you frankly that I shall never love your daughter; you thrust her upon me—you make her the only plank between my miserable self and the darkness of death. I shall never like her—first of all, because she is your daughter; secondly, because she is not at all the style of girl that I do admire."

"You are very frank, my lord. Will you answer me one question? Do you love any one else?"

The young Earl looked puzzled.

"The fact is," he said, "that I have loved so many, I really——"

"What I mean is, you are not betrothed—you have never made an offer of marriage to any one else?"

"I have never had time even to think of marriage; that is why I dislike the idea of it now."

"Then that settles the matter. You say 'Yes' and I say 'Yes'; Hildred will be willing—girls love position and she is very proud."

Something akin to pity stirred in the Earl's heart.

"What is Miss Ransome's age?" he asked.

"She will soon be eighteen," replied the lawyer.

"And," said Lord Caraven, "so young as that, do you feel no reluctance at giving her to a man who tells you honestly that he never liked her?"

"You will like her well enough in time," replied the lawyer. "Some of the happiest marriages in the world have begun with a little aversion."

"There might be more hope if mine were a little aversion," said Lord Caraven. "It is something worse. It is profound, fatal indifference. Your daughter may be Countess of Caraven, if that be your ambition, but she will never be lover's wife of mine. I like not the style of girl that I admire. She is shy, unformed. I like a graceful, lovely, radiant woman; that she will never be."

"She has the clearest sense, the soundest judgment, and the best disposition of any one I know."

"Possibly," said the Earl, carelessly. "Now you know the terms, it remains for you to say 'Yes.' Your daughter shall be Countess of Caraven; she shall go to court; she shall be the leading lady of the county; she will have the family diamonds, and all that vain women love; she will not, I shall never love her, and what is more, I shall never even pretend to do so."

Arley Ransome laughed.

"Hildred will do very well without that," he replied. "Then the bargain is struck, my lord. We will say nothing to my daughter to-day; to-morrow I will speak to her myself. Allow me to congratulate you, you are a free man now, Lord Caraven, and a wealthy one."

"I should have been a wiser one had I taken the revolver," he replied; and then Miss Ransome returned with the engravings.

After a few courteous words he went away, leaving Arley Ransome in a state of great delight and elation.

The Earl of Caraven thought more of himself than of the girl. He was ashamed of the bargain, although it was to save him from ruin and death.

"Every time I look at her," he said to himself, "it will be a perpetual reproach. It is the most cowardly act of my life. I had rather a respect for myself as a spendthrift, I despise myself as being the chief partner in such a sorry bargain. I have sacrificed the dead and gone Caravens for bringing a money-lender's daughter to Ravensmere."

He was ashamed of himself. He had lived without a restraint, and in his flatterers said, "his vices were those of a gentleman." He had done nothing that they considered unworthy of one. He had no broken heart, no ruined home, laid to his charge. In his way he had always respected innocence and purity. His faults lay in another direction.

It had been the misfortune of Ulric, Earl of Caraven, to be born in purple. All the good qualities innate in him had been carefully stifled and stamped out by the most foolish indulgence of parents who called insolence and tyranny high spirit, who considered wickedness clever, who fostered his faults instead of correcting them. He grew up with the idea that the world was made for him—that he, by some especial privilege, was better than any one else—that everything and every one must give way to him.

His weak, foolish mother died first; and as she lay dying, some doubt of the wisdom of her behavior evidently came over her, for the last words she whispered to her husband were, "I am sorely afraid for the boy."

But Ulric's father had no fear; he continued the ruinous system—the child did as he liked, said what he liked, thought what he liked. As for restraint of any kind, it never occurred to his parents to exercise it; the boy was denied nothing that he wished. He grew up to have as thoroughly his own will.

So, when the old Earl died, and he succeeded, he thought the world was at his feet for him to use as he would; his estate was to be burdened and mortgaged to give him money, the tenants were to be distressed and hard worked to pay him extra rents.

When he discovered that matters were going wrong, he made them worse by engaging an agent, a Mr. Blantyre, who was to oppress more than he himself dared to do.

There was no restraint on the Earl as a man; he was surrounded by flatterers, by bad companions; he soon became a proficient in all fashionable sins. It was an unfortunate day for him when the turf mania seized him. His flatterers—those who intended to win his money, and who did win it—persuaded him that he was the best judge of horses in England; in reality he knew nothing about them.

But, when he once began betting, his career was a short one. In six years he was a ruined man; still in the Spring of his life, he had run through a noble fortune.

In despair at the prospect before him, he placed all his affairs in the hands of Arley Ransome, one of the shrewdest and cleverest men in London. Guided by him in all things he had gone steadily to ruin; and on this bright June day, when the sunshine hid all the world he gay, he stood a ruined, hopeless, helpless man.

He was quite serious in saying that he preferred death to life and poverty. He had lived in luxury from the day of his birth; death had less horror for him than the ennui, the misery, the loathsomeness of poverty.

The day came when he was about twenty pounds and could not raise it—when Mr. Blantyre threw up his hands declaring the estate had been drained to its last farthing! Then the Earl, suddenly bought to his senses, wrote to Arley Ransome, asking him to let him know the exact state of his affairs. The result was his knowledge of inevitable ruin.

Then came Arley Ransome's scheme—the plan that he had brooded over for long years. He was the son of a lawyer who had not succeeded very well in the world, and he had vowed to succeed himself.

He had studied the law—he was a keen, clever, shrewd man; but his fortune had been made by money-lending. His practice as a lawyer brought him into contact with moneyed people, also with people who wanted money, and he made the most of his advantages; he had acquired an enormous fortune. His money-lending business was carried on under another name in another part of the city: his plan was to send all his needy clients to this office, and his gains were enormous.

He lived for an object, and it was ambition. To his bitter sorrow he had no son, but he was determined that his daughter should marry one whose position and title should shed their reflected glory on him. To be the father of a countess, to speak of his daughter as the countess of Caraven, was the height of his ambition—and now it was to be gratified.

CHAPTER III.

Arley Ransome had decided upon telling his daughter of the future that awaited her. He had not quite made up his mind. He had studied law in all its branches, money making in all its forms, but he had not studied character—his daughter was almost a stranger to him. She had been educated abroad. Her mother had died soon after her birth, and he, devoted to business, had not cared to have a child distract his attention. He lived then at his chambers. But when Hildred was seventeen he went to Germany to see her, and then he studied her. He found her highly educated, brilliantly accomplished and intelligent, and, in his opinion, she gave great promise of a beautiful woman.

She was not a beautiful girl, but she was striking and distinguished-looking. If one entered a room full of people, and she was there, her face would claim one's first notice. It would be remembered the longest. It was a face indicative of capability, Spanish in its coloring. Her grandfather was a Spaniard, and something of the spirit of the old cavaliers of Spain had descended to her.

The hopes in which Mr. Ransome had indulged became almost certainties to him when he saw his daughter. She was handsome as well, and his ambition must be gratified through her. He had no son. On this dark-eyed girl must devolve the duty of carrying out his schemes.

He smiled to himself as he thought that on his knees he had the power to make her do what would be thankful for a wife with such a future as he could give Hildred. He had but to choose amongst them, and his choice fell upon the Earl of Caraven. He felt it was the most eminent, his estates were the largest, his rum was the most complete.

"I could build upon or two more castles," he thought, "and restore the old ones: he himself! Wise says that money is not the prop of the world!"

He decided at once on taking a house in the outskirts of London and introducing his daughter as mistress there. It was done at once and then Mr. Ransome began to put his scheme into action. He knew that the young earl had come to the end of his resources. It would all be plain sailing for him now.

But there was one person he had not taken into account, and that was his daughter. He had never dreamed of anything except blind submission from her. Now he began to ask himself, "Will she object?" She had plenty of character, plenty of spirit, life, activity, energy. Would she submit to his barter and exchange? Would she blush and smile after the fashion of girls who are delighted? Would she be pleased to be a countess, or would she draw herself up in disdain, and tell him she was to be neither bought nor sold? He was doubtful as to which it would be, and he therefore approached the subject with some little hesitation.

That same evening—for it was a rule of Arley Ransome's to do quickly what required doing at all—he told her. He remembered it long years afterward, as did she.

It was a lovely June evening, and the windows seemed to be full of music and perfume. The sun had set, and dim, mystical twilight hung over the land, embracing the river and the tall, green trees; the birds seemed loath to give up singing; now and then a faint breeze stirred the leaves. It was the quiet hour of those evenings on which it seems impossible to believe in anything but what is good and true and beautiful—when the love and the sorrow and the unrest take our hearts and our thoughts to heaven.

Hildred had gone through the grounds down to the banks of the river; she sat there musing, with the ripple of the water change and the light dimmed. A tall beech-tree with spreading branches grew near; the grass was studded with white and golden flowers. There was a rustic seat under the tree, and Hildred, whom he had built all his hopes of fame and fortune, her dark eyes fixed on the tranquil stream, her white hands lying listlessly on her lap.

"Hildred," said Arley Ransome, "I have something very particular to say to you. I will sit down by your side. How gloriously beautiful the river looks to night!"

Hildred Ransome loved her father—he was the only relative she had, except a cousin whom she had never seen—but it was not with the ordinary love of a girl for her father. She had not quite made up her mind about him. She watched him with keen interest, and the sharp-witted, keen, shrewd lawyer, who could fathom a witness into saying anything he wished him to say, shrank before the dark eyes of his daughter.

She looked up at him now with some little curiosity. What had he to say to her? Here was it that the clear gaze of those dark eyes troubled him so greatly?

"Something to say to me?" she repeated, dreamily. "You could not have chosen a better time for saying it, papa. I never am sure to talk on nights like these. I can only listen."

"The brightest hope of my life has been accomplished to-day, Hildred," he began; "that which I have longed for has been given to me. I have been pleased, proud and happy."

He saw that her interest was awakened, that her eyes brightened. She looked earnestly at him.

"Pleased, proud and happy! That seems a great deal, papa."

"It means a great deal, Hildred. To-day the Earl of Caraven has asked permission to make you his wife."

He had stretched the point: but of what service would it have been to have studied law if he had had to keep to facts?

If he had expected any demonstration of delight he was disappointed. She made none. She did not blush, or look pleased or displeased; the calmness of her face was unbroken.

"The Earl of Caraven! That is the gentleman I saw to-day, papa?"

"Yes, that was Lord Caraven, and he wishes to make you his wife."

"But how was that, papa? He has seen me only once. Why should he wish to marry me?"

"That I cannot say, Hildred," he answered, "I am better versed in the law than in love. I can only repeat what I have told you. The Earl wishes you to be his wife."

The dark, eloquent eyes traveled slowly from his face to the river, and then back to the shrewd, eager countenance.

"And that is the dream of your life, papa—that I marry him?"

"That you marry some one who has title and position to give you," he replied. "Yes, I have built my hopes upon it: that is my way to greatness, my ambition realized."

"I liked him very well," she replied, with an air of calm musing. "He is very handsome. But I know little about him."

"Liked him," repeated Mr. Ransome. "That is a cold word. I can tell you, Hildred, that some of the loveliest women in London would be flattered at receiving attention from him."

"Then why does he not marry one of those lovely women?" she asked quietly.

Because he has asked to marry you, Hildred."

She thought for a few moments in silence, and then she said:

"He is very old, papa—a sonnteen, I suppose, papa, one of the girls from the Roche convent school, became a countess: every one envied her, but her marriage was not a very happy one."

"All marriages cannot be happy," answered, upset a little less than they do and were rational," he said hastily.

She looked at her fair white hand, while she thought deeply, absorbed in musing.

"Is the Earl of Caraven wanting to marry me, papa. Did he say that he loved me?"

"Gentlemen very seldom speak to lawyers about love," he replied impatiently. "This is not a time or place for nonsense. Your future affair is of far greater importance. Give it your serious attention, Hildred. Put aside all the nonsense."

Her dark eyes wandered from the rippling river to the blue sky, to the green trees, the soft, dewy grass, the sleeping flowers—wandered unconsciously as though reading some thing there that did not accompany with her father's words: then she spoke to him. Years afterward she remembered her words:

"That is your dream, papa. To see me Countess of Caraven. Then I have been at school all my life, and I know so little of real life; it seems to me that I have done nothing but study. I have read but few novels. I know nothing of what people call love. Tell me, papa, my father, would not deceive me—tell me, is love a needful part of marriage? Is it right to marry without it?" Are people happy without it?"

He made no answer. He could not look into those dark, eloquent eyes and say what he knew to be false.

"Because," she continued, "in those few novels which I have read love was the motive, the pivot on which everything else turned. Those who married without it were punished, and those who had it overcame every obstacle. That was all wrong, then?"

Novels are only fiction, Hildred; you cannot believe anything in them."

"I thought they were pictures of real life," she rejoined.

"Only ideal pictures, and, as love happens to

to a pretty eye on which writers can hang many thoughts and words, they make the most of it. In reality it is all nonsense."

Again those dark, earnest eyes were raised to his.

"You weave me of that, papa—that love is nothing but nonsense?"

A moment's fancy, a dream of a beautiful face, of dark eyes looking into his, of sweet lips he had kissed with fast-beating heart in the moonlight, came to him. He drove the memory away. she was looking at him with repentant face, with parted lips and anxious eyes.

"I not you," she continued, "because I say this to myself, papa—if there be no such need for love—if love is only the poet's dream and the novelist's stock-in-trade—why, then, I say as well be Countess of Cravan as anything else."

"Most decidedly," he replied, with an air of relief.

"But," she went on, "if there is a reality of love, I have no scruple for happiness, do not let me marry without it. You are my father, my only friend—I appeal to you."

He asked Heaven to pardon him for answering such an appeal falsely. He looked profoundly wise.

"My dear Mildred," he said, "you express yourself so nobly. I believe that the greater part of what you read and hear about love is the greatest nonsense—the happiest marriages are founded on reason."

"But I do not know enough of Lord Cravan to esteem him," she replied, slowly.

"Some of the happiest marriages," continued the lawyer, "have been when people have learned to love each other after marriage."

"Then love does creep in before or after?" she said.

"Possibly in many cases. The most sensible year of looking at marriage is this. It is a civil contract between two people who can best judge their way in the world by going through life together—for instance, a young farmer marries a girl whose dowry enables him to improve his farm, while her education gives her an interest in it; a nobleman with an impoverished estate and an ancient title marries a city heiress whose grandfather was perhaps a contractor."

She was listening in amazement.

"A civil contract" she said, slowly. "I thought marriage was a religious ceremony at home."

"So it is, certainly—most decidedly. I am speaking of it from my point of view."

"Is your point of view the same as other people's, papa?"

"All sensible people have the same ideas on the subject," he replied; and again his dough eyes dark eyes sought the lovely, gleaming face.

"I did not think," continued Mildred slowly, "that marriage was a contract of any kind. I had a different idea of it. I thought it took place when hearts were united and interests linked to each other, and life became nobler and better and higher because of their love; and I thought that same love began in time and ended in eternity."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Customs of Old English Times.

In former days when Pall Mall and St. James street were crowded with the shops of tailors and of boot-makers, instead of the magnificent palaces that now occupy their site, men led a very different life from that now in vogue. A buck, a macaroni, a Corinthian—the swell of the past—lounged into his club to write a letter or to take a hand at whist, and considered such an institution as a library a bore. He prided himself on the character of a man of fashion as necessary as a knowledge of French or to be a connoisseur of china or of old fiddles. But to the ordinary duke, heir to a dukedom, or to the idle exile, who had to look to a profession for his livelihood a club was out of the question. The tutor was living for his board, the younger son in a government office, or the merchant's son in his father's counting-house, had to observe a certain degree of style and living in accordance with his income. He lived in modest lodgings or in chambers on the third floor of one of the Inns of Court. He dined off the joint at a tavern in the neighborhood of Covent Garden, and if he was with him a rol ler day where he could dine with his friends he went to the play he patronized the pit, and even so was a frequenter of the boxes on the system of half price. He seldom entered society quite because it was expensive, and partly because he was not fitted for it. When he lounged down Bond street or walked in the park, he considered himself a dandy of the first water, and the society he mixed with was in his dress, and the extravagant tone of his swagger, greatly relished that his presence in the park was an event that he considered, not one of frequent occurrence. If he was a dandy he filled up his time with his profession and looked forward to the day when he would complete his modest career by matrimony. Ordinary lodging, earning no single shilling of income, there was little in his life to make ordinary domestic and marriage was the limit to his ambition. No matter with whom, as the one helpmate was justified him in taking that important step he married. If the girls might be pretty, and if together the wife could manage to economize, it will be found that the majority of marriages that took place were entered into before the bridegroom had reached an age when a man is considered a dandy should be lost sight of by the social historian.

Great Men at Play.

Cardinal Mazarin is said to have been fond of shaking himself up in a room and jumping over the chairs arranged in positions varying the difficulty of clearing them. On one occasion he forgot to lock the door. A young courtier inadvertently entered the room, and surprised the cardinal in his undignified pursuit. He was, however, not disconcerted. Mazarin, he knew, was as haughty as he was eccentric. But the young man was equal to the crisis. Assuming the intense interest in the proceeding he said, with well feigned earnestness: "I will bet your Eminence two gold pieces I can beat that jump." He had struck the right chord, and in two minutes he was measuring his powers with his illustrious host, whom he took care not to beat, he lost his two gold pieces, but he gained before long a suite.

Samuel Clarke relieved his theological pursuits to the same end, and was a popular fellow approaching, said to the pupil who was sharing his amusement, "Now we must stop, for a fool is coming."

Old Burton, the author of the "Anatomie of Melancholy," the only book which got Dr. Johnson out of his bed two hours before he intended to rise, found his chief recreation in going down to the bridge at Nottingham, and listening to the ribaldry of the bargees. It was well for him that he could not read the stinging reproach which Dr. Johnson made himself at receiving from Virgil for a similar weakness.

Byron's great delight was shooting with a pistol at a coin in a cleft stick, and that he practiced more assiduously than any other thing he did, except writing unintelligible verse.

Henry V. was devoted to tennis, and Philip, the great Duke of Burgundy, spent much of his leisure time, and we may add, enormous sums of money also, in contriving houses full of disinterested beings—the would find himself at one time falling through space, at another time seated in a chair of intelligent mechanism, and came tumbling, charged with flowers on his head, covered with perfumed infinite amusement to his corporate partners.

"St. Pinnox's murderer is never hanged if he keeps away from the gallows," remarks Judge Jenks, "and he never does." The reasonableness of that statement may be shown by a story told by a Kansas City man of the abilities of a certain Missouri mule. A mule will be a mule, and this one was no exception to the rule. He was a

LOST.

A wild rose by the wayside hung,
In dew glistening on the morning air,
A rare, scarce perfume was its offering chaste
I looked, and found the rose but fair—
So like I sought, and seeking not,
To wear its beauty on my breast.
The fascinating petals at my touch,
Ensnared, made me their bondage-slave.
To escape I loved that flower in vain.

In that high mood, when thought had win ge,
And with a rose-hue quest is in song,
I sought an old heart's sharp-hurting chime,
And drew an idle hand along
The fretful wires, when through had caught
The life note that my spirit sought,
Till sudden, on my startled ear
In dream-tuned accords broke,
Alack! I caught the discordance dear—
The string had broke.

I'll add a wild bird on the shore,
To greet it with song to the sun,
And hold the bright bird in my hand,
And capture those all rare to me—
So mood, I caged the bird to hear
Its magic melancholy music soar!
I released the captive's warbling throat
In one and song his whole soul cast.
But well I knew his heritage dear—
His love had been lost.

And yet while memory hath power
To compel the hours to vivify speed,
The fragrance of that faded flower,
That heart lost in song shall not fail
With the wild bird's sweet death-song, will
Haunt every wakeful moment still,
Therefore I count the bitter cost
Of all the rose or song-bird worth—
Of all dear life hath to my mind lost.
That might have been.

The Deepest Harm.

CHAPTER I.

HOW IT BEGAN.

"You never loved me?"

"Never!"

Yet she looked as though worth more than a little love. It was not only that she was fair—she was so candid and trustworthy in appearance.

Clear in complexion, and bright-eyed, reliantly smiling, and cordial in manner, she certainly appeared to be worth deep affection —unless here was that beauty which is the mask of a bad mind.

She appeared to be about twenty years of age.

He, on the contrary, was well past thirty. His face was one of those about which persons always disputed as to whether their possessors are or are not handsome.

Now there are some faces which, analyzed, afford not poor features, while, in the aggregate, the face is really admirable.

On the other hand, there are countenances where every individual feature is admirable, while the whole face is doubtful to the many, and a warning to the few.

Surely nature does write the character on the face. Surely if we were properly educated to study faces we should find that every countenance tells correctly of the mind and brain behind it.

It was a doubtfully beautiful countenance, that of the man of post thirty, who had replied to the young lady by the use of the single and terrible word, "Never."

They were husband and wife.

He was Sir Harry Jaffierhurst, aged thirty-four she had been christened Nada Barhampton, and she had married the Baronet some months previously without any doubt, and fully promised that she should soon grow to love him.

She was the daughter of a Mr John Barhampton, and through her mother was a great beauty. Her mother's mother had been practically of high caste Hindoo blood, and Nada had been named after that charming lady, who had fallen in love with an English nobleman many years before, and had been wise enough and powerful enough to marry him.

John Barhampton lost his wife, Nada's mother, when Nada was but a child of seven; and when the mother had borne her husband one son and a daughter, at an interval of ten years.

Barhampton never contemplated marrying again.

But when his daughter was seventeen, he discovered some hidden love-passages between Nada and the son of a neighbor. The young gentleman was one Royton Clarrison, and he came to the conclusion that if he had a second wife, the daughter would be better directed by a step-mother than by himself.

He therefore did what many more have done before him, and what many will do after him: he married at the sacrifice of his own comfort, that his daughter might benefit by the transaction.

The result, as the outcome is in nineteen such cases out of twenty, was not happy. The intruder brought with her more disturbing influence than that which it was intended she should abate.

The Royton Clarrison business was put an end to. But Barhampton was a prisoner at large in his own house, while his daughter looked forward to marriage, no matter with whom, as the one refuge from her destroyed home.

Let us now return to Sir Harry and Lady Jaffierhurst.

"So you never loved me?"

"Never!"

"Then," after a pause, "why did you marry me?"

"Because I wanted a rich wife."

"Horror!" she added, after some considera tion. "But you did not obtain my fortune."

"No, but I receive the interest, and it is hence forth my duty to see that you are settled with the arrangements. I could not marry for love, because I had little or no fortune; while through you, my lady, I shall always have a large income."

"But why cannot you love me, Harry?"

"This is a question which I do not care to answer."

"I have a right to know."

"Doubtless, wives have many incontestable rights; but it does not follow that they therefore enjoy them. I believe that, legally, wife and husband are bound to have no secrets. That is to be supposed to be the moment that this fortunate arrangement of matrimonial confidence is ever carried out?"

"But, Harry," she urged, "we are together for life. Nothing can change that strange death."

"Or the Divorce Court!" he threw in..

For some moments she made no reply. Then she said, shortly, "Surely we both too well know our duty one to the other to admit of and no paper-law that we can ever come to such a pass as that, Sir Harry?"

"Who knows? Life is so very uncertain, and change of sentiment and behavior is frequently so very rapid."

"But to what end can all this discussion lead?"

"A very simple one, my lady."

"I am anxious to hear it."

"It is told in a moment. Let each of us be free to act as each thinks fit."

"What?" she said, brusquely.

"I assure you that I, on my part, will make no complaint, if you, on yours, observe the same civil bearing towards me. Of course this liberty naturally is to be bound, both on your side and mine, by reputation, and the necessary study of public respectability. But, short of scandal, I give you my word that I will make no complaint. Is it a bargain?"

The fair girl—for she was little more than one—looked puzzled.

"I do not understand you yet."

He uttered a word of impatience, and then, addressing her husband, continued, and with a touch more than his age, said, "I wish to lead the life I consider to be the best for me, and I

"What do you mean?" asked his lawyer. "I never heard a syllable breathed against my mother's good name until now."

"Nor I trust will you ever do so again. But Paul must be warned."

"He shall, indeed. I will inform Sir Harry of this scandalous attempt."

"It would be but labor. He invented the conspiracy."

"My brother!"

"Yes; your listen. He may return at any moment."

"I fear not" she said, softly.

He looked at her meaningly. It was clear he followed the full sense of her words.

"Your step-mother and Sir Harry were seen in close dance half engaged to be married. They were passionately devoted to each other —so far as such natures as theirs can be devoted."

"Yes, yes. Pray go on."

"But she was quite poor, and he had totally dissipated his paternal fortune."

"And thereupon they parted?"

"They parted."

"Poor creatures!—and they thought they loved."

"Ah, me!" said Royton Carrisson. "Did not we think that we loved, and did not we part?"

"No; calumny destroyed our trust. We were torn asunder, Royton. But we have no right to talk of these matters now. Believe me, my step-mother poisoned my mind against you."

"Yes, as she is now poisoning your brother's fancy and name in your brother's ears."

"She—Sir Harry Jaffierhurst?"

"Yes; speak lowly. I repeat, they loved—and, after their fashion, they still adore one another. I have no doubt but that if once your fortune could be persuaded to alter his will, so as to place his wife in the favored position held still by your brother——"

"Yes; you know, perhaps, that my fortune came from my self, and not through my father, all papa's means were to go to Paul. You say that if the will were altered——"

"I think your father would die before the truth concerning his son was made evident to him."

"Horror! You think she would poison him. Ah! how do you know all these things?"

"I am sure, Lady Jaffierhurst, that your step-mother would destroy your father. She knows too much about poisons not to have used them. Indeed, I may not tell you what is the basis of my information, or I would willingly do so."

"But, supposing that my father was dead, and that my step-mother inherited all his fortune, she would still be far from the achievement of her purpose—for I am alive."

"You would be compromised by me, Nada —by me, who would die to serve you! Finally, you were to be disgraced for life, and Sir Harry was to be freed from you by way of divorce. I think that you would have then achieved their end—their marriage—based upon your father's fortune and your fall."

"How good you are! I am now armed against her."

"No; not armed, but prepared to war with her when the time comes. For my part, I shall go to Paul and warn him. He is now at Oxford, where he is taking rest. You will pardon me playing the apparent traitor in your house. It is all for your sake, your father's and Paul's. My love is now the purest friendship. Will you trust me, and follow my direction? I have lost you; but I can save you from your enemies, though I cannot gain you for myself?"

"I trust you wholly," she said.

He took her hand, and was kissing it, when the Baronet entered.

"Bravo!" he said; "you young people are getting along famously. But I should not forget all ten and quite quite forget that I am alive."

"And old friends have to part," said the visitor. "I am taking my leave by some time."

"For some time?"

"Yes, I am going abroad."

"Indeed!" replied the Baronet, sharply. "Well, you must write to Lady Jaffierhurst. I like to see old friends maintain their friendship. You shall write to me, you know again."

"Within six weeks," said the other.

"Ha! pray give us one of your first visits,' I will," said Royton.

CHAPTER II.

HOW IT FELL OUT.

It is about five weeks after the events which occurred in the last chapter, and Lady Jaffierhurst is now alone and bowed in great grief. ancestral house belonging to her husband, and which had been relieved from its load of debt by the use of her money.

For some time she had not heard even once from Royton Carrisson.

Would he be in England again before the expiration of ten days?

He had not written.

Her cause it was that not a fine came from him to all that time?

Had he found her brother?

Was Paul on his way to England?

These and a thousand other questions, surged in her brain hour after hour; but, above all questions, remained the memory of Royton himself as he came in at the drawing-room door on that evening when she saw him for the first time since she had been married to Sir Harry.

Yet she reproached herself even for thinking of him, though her common sense told her that it is as impossible to control thought at all times as it is possible to direct action.

What harm—if any—there was in Lady Jaffierhurst was bewailed by the regretful thought that her girlish petulance had laid her open a ready victim to the poisonous calumny her step-mother poured into her credulous ears.

Nada had no suspicion of the imminence of the danger that threatened her father.

She had the sweetest letters from her step-mother almost daily, and rarely did one arrive without a postscript written by her father, then about fifty-five years of age.

She thought the writing now and again looked somewhat straggling, but she readily persuaded herself that the weak appearance of her father's writing was perhaps due to its contrast with the caligraphy of the second Mrs. Barhampton, who wrote a very fine, hard, regular hand.

Nada thought little of her wrongs. To be sure, it now and again occurred to her that the law of divorce particularly favored men more than women, but she drove away the thought as infamous.

As for her husband, she saw nothing of him for days upon days, and he never visited her for more than a few hours at an hour, and generally at the ordinary visiting period, when some one would, on nine occasions out of ten, be with her.

Naturally he had accepted the conditions of their virtual separation very cheerily.

Yet, it was five weeks after Royton Carrisson had dined at Sir Jaffierhurst's that Nada received the letter which, indeed, embroidery appears to be the refuge of all the waiting Penelopes in the world—when a footman came with the statement that a person wanted to see her lady ship—a party from Shropshire.

The man had been put upon his guard, and had learned his lesson well; but he knew nothing whatever, and the visitors passed to the victim's presence without trouble.

"Mrs. Barton?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Why, what brings you in town?"

"I have been dismissed, my lady."

"Left the Hoe?"

"Yes, my lady. Mr. Barhampton got so suddenly into a passion with me, and I was

"What is the matter? Help! help! my lady has fainted!"

So awful was the shock produced by the discovery of the truth—the conviction that Royton's terrible anticipations were correct—so great was the shock of finding that she herself was under a system of espionage, as the non-delivery of the old housekeeper's letter proved —that for a moment her horror found relief in insensibility.

But within fifteen minutes of falling back insensible, she was equipped and driving to the station.

She went down by the night mail, and reached her home about five in the morning.

She was met by Mrs. Barhampton, who looked white and maphious

"Lady Jaffierhurst, what has happened that you reach this house almost in the dead of the night, and without a word to say you were coming?"

"I am here to nurse my father, who is very ill."

"He is merely poorly."

"He is ill, I say; and has been too ill for days past to sign any papers with a proper knowledge of their contents. I speak plainly. Some strange lawyers have been here?"

"Quite so. Your father's solicitors have been insolent."

"Probably by the endeavor to do their duty. A new will has been made?"

"I do not deny it."

"By which you gain, and my brother loses."

"By which I gain, and your half-brother loses."

"He is no half-brother. He is my father's legitimate son."

"Ah! you seem prepared for our news here!"

"I am prepared to be open and plain. I know your plots and your plans. My father is being poisoned, and by you?"

The woman was not at all alarmed. In a moment she had her plan arranged.

"I will prove that you are mistaken. Send for any doctor you think fit."

"I will expose you to my father."

"Try!" said she.

For a moment the demon looked from her eyes. Then once again she was smiling, and cautiously active.

She sent three notes to as many doctors, and, within the quarter hour, urging that Sir Harry Jaffierhurst had fallen ill suddenly, that his wife's mind was unsettled, and that the lady had arrived at the Hoe, and accused the writer of poisoning Mr. Barhampton. Would they come at once?

Those medical men, of course, quite unable to disentangle the shocking plot of sin woven about Barhampton, quite coincided in the belief that Lady Jaffierhurst must be mad.

The father, warned by the step-mother, accepted Mrs. Barhampton's statement as correct, and only pitied his daughter when she secured her step-mother of this crime.

It will be seen that Nada had not the least power of proving her accusation.

Upon the arrival of the three doctors, the unhappy young lady was virtually imprisoned in her own room.

She had been a wife four months at the time when she was incarcerated.

On the morning when the six weeks referred to by Royton were completed, Mr. Barhampton died.

Two hours after his death the new housekeeper arrived, and, as she was the mistress mistress of the house, she recognized it as that of a person she had known three years previously.

That same afternoon Sir Harry Jaffierhurst, Mr. Royton Clarrisson, and Lieutenant Paul Barhampton arrived at the house.

As the Baronet entered the house, the new housekeeper said, "Good day, Mr. Jaffierhurst; I am not surprised to see you here, for I know your wife is in the house. Her portrait is in the dining-room.

The new housekeeper spoke with great sense of freedom of speech.

Without a word, almost without a look, that wretched man fell forward on his face—dead from the shock!

He was found that he had been suffering from heart disease, the result of his riotous life.

Royton Clarrisson asked to be shown to Mrs. Barhampton's apartments.

This being done, and facing her, he said: "Sir Harry Jaffierhurst has arrived, and fallen into a fit?"

She was, in a moment, trembling as with a palsy.

But she ran from the room something with the ugly celerity of a cat.

He closed and locked the door, and for a whole hour, remained in those rooms undisturbed.

When he opened the door there was a very searching smell of burnt parchment came from the apartment.

An hour afterwards he waited upon the woman.

He entered, unconcerned, and faced her. She was searching her room.

"Burnt!"

"What is burnt?"

"The second will."

"You dared ——"

"Yes; desperate diseases require desperate remedies, Lady Jaffierhurst!"

"Lady Jaffierhurst!" she cried, in amazement.

"Yes; chance has brought to the house, as the new housekeeper here, the woman who was housekeeper at Bordighera, at the English hotel there, and who saw you married to Sir Harry, then Mr. Jaffierhurst. Within twelve months you committed bigamy with the dead man in this house, who has been very ill with rheumatic fever, and whose wife by the will is burnt; I shall, I hope, marry poor injured Nada, and once more make an honest woman of her; and if you do not leave the house at once, I shall give you in charge into custody by Paul Barhampton. Look here. I found this, as well as the lately signed will.'

He held up a small bottle.

Our tale is told. It has been written to show how even the law of divorce is not a divorce to save a woman when she is adroitly ill-used.

It is curious to observe how the mere action of two servants foiled this woman, though it was too late to save Barhampton's life.

Paul Barhampton gave the woman her liberty, not because he pitied her, or wished to avoid his duty. But good families insist exposure, and the fear of publicity on the son's part saved this woman from being tried for murder.

Love Out Toward the Setting Sun. † Wichita (Kan.) Herald.

They were leaning on the balustrade of the bridge, looking into the water. He had a hand like a palm-leaf fan, on one like a pickle dish, and one collar. She had a fist like a centre table and no teeth. They were coming. He stood first and in a tone as gentle and modulated as a Kansas zephyr, he said: "Nancy, just as soon as I sell my position I'm goin' to claim you for my own for life." Then she, with a voice like the rattle of a dry cyclone, that would set well with the rattle of a dry cyclone, that would set well with the rattle of a dry cyclone, that would set well with

THE COMMON WAY.

How many frown at a common lot
And turn from the common way,
Where rare exotics will blossom not
Nor birds at their bidding stay.
The dust of travel offends their sight
When riches have taken wings,
And they marvel at those who find delight
In every-day, common things.

To some is given the rich estate
Encumbered with anxious care;
While others still for their fortune wait
In castles they've built in air.
To one the splendor of princely halls,
The title to noble lands;
To another only the crumbling walls,
And empty and toil-worn hands.

To one the crown and a life of ease;
To one the cross and the pain;
To one the heights and the stately trees,
To another the desert plain.
To one will Fortune reveal the spring
That her wonderful store unlocks;
While another is given the only thing
That was left in Pandora's box.

Good luck may lie in an empty purse,
A blessing in this disguise,
And wealth too often is but a curse
To those who have won the prize.
For many with idols have gone astray,
Remorse and regret to meet,
While others have found that the common way
Led up the Golden Street.

AMERICAN ASTRONOMERS—THEIR INSTRUMENTS.

Prof. Asaph Hall, who has long been known as one of that band of skillful and original observers of which American astronomy has just reason to be proud, has, during the past few years, made many observations showing that, besides scientific skill, he possesses a keen eye. Some of his observations were such as must have taxed even the power of the noble instrument which has lately been erected at Washington. For instance, the faintest of Saturn's satellites, the coy *Hyperion*, though discovered nearly thirty years ago, had been very little observed, insomuch that the true path of this small moon, a perfect giant, however, compared with the Martian satellites had not been determined. In 1875 Prof. Hall undertook the difficult task of closely observing this body; and now, at last, astronomers at least know where, at any hour, on any night, Hyperion is to be looked for, though the search would be to very little purpose with any save two or three of the most powerful telescopes in existence. Again, among other of his observations which required keen vision and patient watchfulness, must be cited the re-determination of the period in which the planet Saturn turns on its axis. This he accomplished in the year 1876. But, undoubtedly, the detection of the Martian satellites must be regarded as a far more noteworthy achievement than either of these. The telescope which Prof. Hall has been privileged to use may fairly be described as the finest refractor yet mounted. Newall, in England, has a telescope 25 inches in aperture, which, until the Washington telescope had been made, was the largest refractor in existence. The Washington instrument has an aperture of 26 inches, making its illuminating power between one-twelfth and one-thirteenth greater. But this telescope is also remarkable for the skill with which it has been made by Messrs. Alvan Clark & Sons, of Cambridgeport, Mass. We know few more interesting histories in scientific biography than that which records the progress of Alvan Clark's labors in the construction of object-glasses—from the first small one which he made which fell from his hands and was destroyed within a few moments of its completion, to the noble telescope which was mounted at Washington five years ago, after meeting satisfactorily all the tests applied to it by Mr. Clark and his two sons, who inherit his energy and skill. But in this place we must be content with noting that all who have ever used object-glasses constructed by the Clarks have found their optical performance all but perfect; in fact, as nearly perfect as can be obtained from lenses made of a substance which cannot possibly be altogether free from defects, however carefully prepared. Those observers at Washington who have used the great telescope systematically, agree in regarding, with peculiar favor, the performances of the great compound lens which forms what is technically called its object-glass. When, then, news came that Prof. Hall, using this powerful instrument, had discovered two satellites of Mars, even those who at first supposed the news to be a mere report, felt that the observer and the telescope were alike worthy of being credited with a success of the kind. But in reality there was no room for doubt from the beginning. The news had been telegraphed to Leverrier by the Smithsonian Institution of Washington, and by Leverrier announced to English and Continental observers. It was known that an arrangement had been made by the oceanic telegraph companies to forward such intelligence, and that the news must of necessity have come from the source indicated. So that several days or so before details of the discovery reached Europe, the present writer communicated it to the Times, in a letter which appeared on Saturday, August 25, or less than a week after the second moon had been detected, as a discovery not open to doubt or question. Within two days from this, or on August 27, the brothers Henry were able to recognize the outer satellite with the fine telescope of the Paris Observatory; but it was very faint, and could only be seen when the planet was screened from view. In the meantime, however, two other telescopes in America had been used to bring these tiny bodies into view. One of these was the fine 15-inch Merz refractor of the Harvard Observatory, Cambridge, Mass., celebrated in the history of astronomy as that wherewith Saturn's satellite Hyperion had been detected in 1848. The other was an instrument as large, and doubtless as powerful, as the Washington telescope itself. It will have been noticed, perhaps, that, in speaking of the latter above, we said that it is the finest refractor yet mounted, not the finest yet made. Messrs. Alvan Clark & Sons have made a companion instrument for the observatory of Mr. McCormick, of Chicago, one of those munificent patrons of science of whom, of late in particular, America has just reason to be proud. The instrument has not yet left Messrs. Clark's factory, and cannot be said to have been yet, properly speaking, mounted. But the Clarks managed to get it turned upon Mars, and were able to see the Martian satellites. There is another very fine telescope, by the way, also made by Messrs. Clark & Sons, which is now erected at Chicago, where one of the most eminent observers of double stars, Mr. S. W. Burnham, has long pursued his labors. Its object-glass is 18 inches in aperture; and we should have expected that, with this aperture and Mr. Burnham's keen vision, the Martian satellites would have been brought into view. We do not hear however, of their being seen at Chicago. Perhaps unfavorable weather prevented any observations being made there. The first news was expressed in telegraph-language, and was imperfect. It ran thus: "Two satellites of Mars discovered by Hall at Washington. First elongation west Aug. 18, 11 hours, Washington time. Distance 80 seconds. Period, 30 hours. Distance of second, 50 seconds." This being interpreted, or rather the latter part being interpreted, means that the outermost, in its circuit around Mars, had reached its greatest apparent westerly range at 11 P. M. Washington time, Aug. 18, or about 4 A. M. Aug. 19, Greenwich time, which astronomers would call Aug. 18, 16 hours Greenwich time, and that at this time its seeming distance from the centre of Mars was about one twenty-fourth part of the apparent diameter of the moon. As to the other satellite the news did not convey much information. It implied that the distance was five-eighths that of the outer moon; but whether that was the greatest distance, or the distance at the hour named, there was nothing to show. As it turned out, there was a mistake about this moon for the greatest range of the moon, east and west of Mars, amounted only to about three-fifths of the distance named. In the circular issued by the Secretary of the United States Navy, Hon. R. W. Thompson, dated Aug. 21, 1877, fuller and more correct details were given.

WE commend the horse for his strength and sureness of foot, and not for his rich comparisons; a greyhound for his share of heels, not for his fine collar; a hawk for his wings, not for his jesses and bells. Why, in like manner, do we not value a man for what is properly his own? He has a great train, a beautiful palace, so much credit, so many thousand pounds a year, and all these about him and not in him.

THE manner of saying or doing anything goes a great way in the value of the thing itself. It was well said of him that called a good office that was done harshly and with an ill-will, a stony piece of bread. It is necessary for him that is hungry to receive it, but it almost chokes a man in the going down.

THE MIXTURE IN PRUSSIA.

The French are very fond of insisting on this mixture of races, forgetting that they too are a composite people. It seems to console them under defeat to reflect that they were not beaten by a single nation, but by half a dozen rolled into one. M. de Quatrefages, the naturalist, indignant that the German shells did so much harm to his pet Jardin des Plantes, wrote a book on Le Race Prussienne, in which he brought forcibly out the influence of the vast French Huguenot immigration, when Louis XIV. was mad enough to revoke the edict of Nantes. There are whole villages near Berlin, he says, where the type of face is French, and not German. M. Lavisse, in an interesting account of "the colonizing Kings of Prussia," says the same thing, remarking that the people with French names and French features are the most pronounced in their Germanism. One Berlin Professor in 1870 went so far as to publickly ask forgiveness from God and man for the sin of bearing a French name. There is indeed something in the petty cantankerousness of an ill-humored Prussian official like the worrying of a waspish Frenchman—for Frenchmen can be waspish. But whether the French element counts for much or little, the foreign element in Prussia is undoubtedly strong. M. Lavisse takes a pleasure in proving it from Prussian authorities, notably from the Hohenzollernsche Colonisationen, lately published by Dr. Max Beheim-Schwarzbach. It is amusing to see how eager Frederick was to get colonists, and how cynically unscrupulous in getting them. He had two special agencies, one at Frankfort, for South Germany, the other at Hamburg for the North. The duty of the latter was to stop all emigrants to America, and point out to them that his Prussian Majesty's dominions were the real land of promise. Besides these there were secret agents in all the countries where Frederick's advertisements were not allowed to circulate. These men got a bonus on every colonist—three dollars for an unmarried workman, five for a man and his wife. Every advantage was taken of the troubles of the times. No sooner did news come of any religious persecution, than the agents flew to the place where it raged, representing that Prussia was a very paradise of civil and religious liberty. Thus, in 1712, unhappy Poland—she was unhappy even then—had added active intolerance to her chronic anarchy. The nobles had all been trained by the Jesuits, and persecution and imprisonment became the order of the day. "Now's the time," wrote the agent at Glogau, "for your Majesty to make Silesia profit by these troubles. If you will only set up in a village on the Polish frontier a Protestant church, where there shall be service in Polish, you'll draw the people across by hundreds. It wouldn't cost much—it may be as plain as a barn; there need not even be doors to it. The thing is to have a church. And even if a good many do finally remain in Poland, they will have enriched your Majesty by spending a good round sum every Sunday on beer and brandy." In 1747 there was a terrible famine in Bohemia. Frederick, as soon as he hears of it, writes to say how much he pities the poor hungry people, obliged to eat bread that is almost sawdust, and how he hopes his subjects along the frontier will profit by the disaster to draw some of the sufferers over to his dominions. So, when Lissa is burned down for the third time within a century, "Can we do something there?" writes Frederick, and forthwith he publishes in Polish and German a proclamation, which, beginning with a few words of condolence, goes on to say: "We have heard that some of those thus rendered houseless are desirous of emigrating to Silesia," and points out the priviliges which he awards to his colonists. There was always something somewhere to make people restless—anarchy in Poland; chronic misgovernment in little States like Mecklenburg, whose budgetless potentates ruined themselves and their dominions by imitating Louis XIV., and keeping up a miniature Versailles—something of which Frederick and his crimps were not slow to take advantage. Often the various sovereigns laid complaints. "Your way of acting," wrote the Elector of Saxony, "is dead against all rules of good neighborship. I hope the thing will be entirely put a stop to." He hoped in vain; for Frederick simply told his agents to go on just the same, but be careful how they compromised themselves for him. "Circulate the handbills. Above all, look out for well-to-do families, but don't seem too eager; let them think it's nothing to you, and never do or say anything that their governments can take hold of." So the Elector had to content himself with publishing furious edicts, threatening "grevious punishments, even death in some cases," against the agents. "On the least suspicion let them be taken by the neck." None were ever taken, and the flitting across the border went on as merrily as ever. With Poland Frederick did not even take the pains to be civil. There his agents had neither shame nor concealment "The recruiting goes on apace," wrote one of them. And when some of the Polish lords tried to stop with a strong hand the departure of their most valuable serfs, Frederick sent three regiments across the frontier, and thus, advancing as far as Posen, swept up the runaways, and beat off with loss a handful of Poles who tried to hinder them. This was in 1769, when Prussia was at peace with Poland; but the excuse was that the regiments were escorting a large purchase of cavalry horses; and any excuse was good enough for the Poles.

Something about Bees and Flowers.

From the London Spectator.

Sir John Lubbock lectured last week at Brighton on the relation of plants to insects, and this time did justice not indeed to the intelligence of bees—which he has called in question—but at least to their taste. Flies, it appears, have very æsthetic perceptions both of smell and color to bees—if, at least, we may reckon the human taste in these matters as the true taste—for bees and men appear to agree as to the smells and colors they approve, while flies differ radically from both. "There were certain flowers which were fertilized by flies, which preferred livid yellow, dingy red, and very unpleasant smelling flowers, and they were invariably accompanied by a very disagreeable odor." If bees had the same degraded tastes, we should not be able to enjoy their honey, which would be, perhaps, so much the better for the bees. Flowers not fertilized by insects at all—i. e., self-fertilized—are entirely without color, scent or honey. Colors, scent and honey benefit flowers only so far as they attract insects which fertilize them and which fertilize them far more effectually than they can fertilize themselves, and hence it happens that flowers visited by night insects have no colors—which could not be seen at night—but are white when open, so as to show most at night, while flowers visited by day insects, like bees, are marked with beautiful colors. Hence the lessons of our childhood are clearly all wrong. We must no longer admire the bee for his intellect, but rather for his artistic feeling. His geometry is instinctive, but his standard of taste in form, color and odor has, it seems not unlikely, been imposed upon him by man.

Deadwood Festivities.

From the Black Hills Pioneer.

The long, weary journey from Sidney had come to an end; our hero who had persuaded a "bull team" in advance of a freight wagon to visit the land of gold had arrived, soiled and weather-beaten, in the metropolitan city of Deadwood. The weary march was forgotten and the joy was unconfined. A fervent admirer of the fair sex, he sought the dance house, where "take your partner" is the only introduction needed. When the exciting moment of "gents to the right" was announced, his colossal cowhides smote the floor like the stamps of a quartz mill. When the welcome sound of "balance to the right" rang through the crowded hall our pilgrim uttered one long hoop-ee and shouldering his fair partner absorbed a tumblerful of burning fluid. "Partners for a quadrille." Our hero sprang upon the floor and extemporized a breakdown. "Dog on my melt, I am tiger of the woods. Come here gal; lets have some more trantler juice." "All set" shouted the floor-manager. "Scrape them cat's innards and let's codfish around. In the excitement of "all hands round," the heavy weight unfortunately collided with our pilgrim, and explanations were of no avail. "I am bad," shouted our hero; "let me at him; let me chaw his mane; I'm a coyote. Let go my harness I'm a yellow-tailed wolf; let me pick his eyes out, I'm a wooly-horse, hard to curry; hoope-ee; I'm an elephant, I'm—" Just then he trod on a favored corn of a hardy herder, who pasted our hero one between the eyes, which seated him violently upon the floor. As he rose, blowing the ruby fluid from his nasal promontory, he reiterated, "I'm an elephant, but my hide's tore?"

BULL FIGHTING IN LISBON.

One of the national sights is the bull fight. The idea is general that such a spectacle is peculiarly Spanish; this is to a degree untrue, for not only is the sport common in Portugal, but it is in many respects quite unlike and superior to the bull fighting of Spain. In that country the horses are miserable, untrained hacks, brought into the arena blindfolded to be slaughtered, and the chief part of the amusement is to shed the most blood possible, with little science and the utmost cruelty to both bulls and horses, of which sometimes 25 or 30 will be slain in one afternoon. The Portuguese, while yielding to none of the Latin nations in physical courage, are naturally more humane. The bulls are often very fine animals, but by law their horns are wrapped with felt, and it is impossible for them to gore a horse, although they may give him some hard hits. The horse, on the other hand, is generally very valuable and admirably trained, and goes into the fight with his eyes open. No weapon more severe than a small barbed pike is used, which rarely penetrates much below the hide, but suffices to arouse the mettle of a spirited bull. These pikes are planted in his neck by the man on horseback, or by the footmen, as he lowers his head to attack. A very dangerous exploit is to sit in a chair directly opposite the gate from which the bull is to rush, and plant two pikes in his neck before rising. Should the bull fail to make directly for the picador with lowered horns the man is lost. Another trick full of danger is literally to take the bull by the horns, as he lowers his head; as soon as this is done the rest of the performers rush on the bull, and by main force drag him off the man. Two men were killed in one afternoon's sport, when I was in Lisbon, by having their spines broken when in the act of seizing the bull between the horns. The arena is surrounded by rows of seats, rising tier above tier; the last one is divided into boxes and roofed. As no curtain is drawn over the arena, half of the miniature wooden coliseum is open to the full blaze of the sun, and the tickets are sold accordingly for the shady and the sunny sides. Punctuality is not observed; the dense mass of spectators have about an hour to gaze at each other, flirt, fling nut-shells, shout, bawl, hiss, and stamp their feet. When the excitement and suspense have reached their limit, which is apparently timed in order to bring the audience to the proper pitch, a trumpet sounds. Silence and breathless expectation succeed. The horse, with ears erect, half-startled eyes, and every nerve and muscle tense, awaits the crisis; the picadors, in gay uniforms, with their queues braided and bound each into a little ball on the back of the head, are in their respective positions, a lance in either hand. Every eye is turned on the entrance; the sliding door slips up, and, as if sent out of a catapult, forth rushes a magnificent bull, his eyes blazing and fury in the poise of his tremendous head and neck. Half an instant he pauses and takes a hurried survey of the scene, and then makes a fearful lunge at the white horse awaiting him on the opposite side of the arena. The rider adroitly backs his steed and plunges a lance into the neck of the bull. Maddened by the pain, the bull chases horse and rider around the arena; he gains on them; he is just on the point of goring the horse; the excitement exceeds language; at this critical instant an agile picador contrives to thrust another dart into the bull and diverts his attention. Every one again breathe freely. I saw the bull once give the horse a tremendous blow in the belly, which notwithstanding the horns were blunted with felt, at once became scarlet. When the bull becomes wearied out or cowed, as often happens when he finds his neck completely fringed with javelins, and is unable to retaliate in a manner commensurate with his rage, a number of oxen are driven in; the bull runs up to them for sympathy, and readily follows them out of the arena. At intervals during the sport the picadors come forward and salute the audience, holding out their hats for coppers, which are rained down plentifully if the sport has been exciting and skillfully conducted.

NEW YORK'S WEALTH.

As New York has grown in size she has likewise grown in beauty, wealth, luxury, and extravagance. We doubt if any two million people in the world spend annually in rent, dress, and pleasures as much money as is spent by the people of this metropolis. The enormous accumulation of wealth at this centre represents a very considerable portion of the profits of the commerce of the nation for the last twenty-five years. On the actual amount of this wealth to-day the total valuations on real and personal estate for 1877—$1,101,292,093—give but a feeble idea. New York millionaires have become proverbial the world over. If we take the Fifth avenue, from Washington square to Fifty-ninth street, and mark the gradual increase in size, beauty, elegance, and interior comfort which characterize the dwellings of the wealthy, as we approach the Central Park, we can form a fair estimate of the rapid growth of the luxurious habits and expensive tastes which have made New York one of the dearest as well as one of the most charming cities in the world for that part of its population which have got hold of more than its proper share of its riches.

When, years ago, Mr. Rhinelander built the three-story brick house—in which he still lives—on the northwest corner of Fifth avenue and Washington place, it was considered almost the ne plus ultra of private dwellings. Now Mr. Fred Stephen's city chateau, on the southwest corner of Fifth avenue and Fifty-seventh street—the last expression of a New York millionaire's town house—leaves it so entirely in the shade that the two houses cannot in any manner be compared. No street in the world, except possibly in London, represents in the short space of two miles and a half anything like the enormous aggregate of wealth represented by Fifth avenue residents between Washington Square and Central Park. We give haphazard a few names:

Mr. Rhinelander	$2,000,000
James Lennox	5,000,000
Marshall O. Roberts	5,000,000
Moses Taylor	8,000,000
August Belmont	6,000,000
Robert L. and A. Stuart	5,000,000
Mrs. Paran Stevens	2,000,000
Amos R. Eno	5,000,000
John Jacob and William Astor	60,000,000
Mrs. A. T. Stewart	50,000,000
Pierre Lorillard	3,000,000
James Kernochan	2,000,000
Wm. H. Vanderbilt	75,000,000
Mrs. Calvert Jones	2,000,000
Mrs. Mary Jones	2,000,000
James Gordon Bennett	4,000,000
Fred. Stevens	3,000,000
Louis Lorillard	1,000,000
Total	$240,000,000

Here we have some eighteen families, living near each other, who derive fixed yearly incomes from a capital of between $240,000,000 and $250,000,000, the greater part of which capital, with the single exception of the Vanderbilt fortune, is invested in New York city real estate. These, and thousands of others like them, not so prominent, and not so well-known, occupy residences fitted up in the most costly and lavish manner with every luxury which money can procure, or refined taste imagine. They have all travelled more or less abroad, are cosmopolitan in habits, and quite as much at home in London or Paris as in their Fifth avenue houses or Newport villas. The younger members of this well to-do class—foremost in all social events in the so-called fashionable world—support Italian opera, turn out strong for French plays and opera bouffe, and do a considerable amount of lounging, dining, and wining at Fifth avenue clubs during the Winter months.

The heads of these families go down town, attend to business, administer their estates, and are constantly on the lookout for good, safe investments. Taken as a whole, New York millionaires form a peculiar feature of the New York of to-day. They are now returning from the country to their city homes, and may be daily seen at their clubs, business places, and on the street. New York of to-day has entered into a new career of business activity. It has shaken off the lethargy which for over four years crushed it to the ground. The better times so ardently desired are here, trade is lively, and the outlook is really cheerful.

CORRUPTED innocence is like an imprisoned lark—open the door and it is off forever. The bird that roams through the sky and the groves unrestrained, knows how to dodge the hawk and protect itself; but the caged one, the moment it leaves the bars and bolts behind, is pounced upon by the fowler or vulture.

THE greatest loss of time is delay and expectation, which depends upon the future. We let go the present which we have in our power, and look forward to that which depends upon chance—and so relinquish a certainty for an uncertainty.

FUN OF A DRESS REHEARSAL.

How They Get an Opera Ready for the Stage.

The New York Graphic gives an amusing account of a dress rehersal of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre by the Hess English Opera Troupe.

It says: It is like the taking to pieces of some ingenious toy in order to show its hidden mechanism. It is a curious mixture also of art, song, comedy, tragedy, with commonplace everyday business, chastening, and correction. The "Midsummer Night's Dream" is a Shakespearean opera, and involves the appearance of Shakespeare himself, Falstaff, Queen Elizabeth, Lord Latimer, an English innkeeper, attendants, and foresters.

But our dress rehearsal is subject to such odd interruptions. Now the chorus is under full headway, and everything seems progressing favorably, when a stout, active man in every day and very business-like black, walks from the wings briskly into the Elizabethean era of ruff and farthingales. Hear him: "No! No! No! That's not it at all. Try that scene over again!" Back go court ladies and cavaliers to the obscurity of the wings. The orchestra again strikes up. The stage fills up. Like an embodiment of the nineteenth century practically he darts around among that court train. He shoves a maid of honor a little to the right, a cavalier to the left, and brings a girl but half made up as to dress a little more forward and sets another one a little back. He corrects, shoves, prompts, scolds mildly, scolds bitterly. Under headway again. This time it is Signor Operti, the conductor, who suddenly stops the car of operatic progress. The smart tapping of his fiddle-bow is heard. "Ladies and gentlemen," he remarks, "you must—this is it—ra-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta—now;" and they are off again. Then Falstaff has the stage all to himself. He advances close to the maestro and sings to him confidentially. Now it is the tipsy Bard of Avon, in modern morning costume, staggering and pursuing a coquettish damsel in short skirts across the garden. "Oh, that won't do!" says the brisk manager to the girl; "he wants to kiss you, and you won't let him. Make another bound and scream—so!" and then he shows how a pretty girl should scream when pursued by a tipsy cavalier, and seems to have been there himself. The corrected nymph tries it over again, according to directions, and the Divine William again pursues and acts out all the actual catching and kissing with that peculiar wavy motion of the arms, which at rehearsal means simply the blank spaces to be filled in by the appropriate business during the actual performance.

Then there are pauses in which everything comes to a full stop, and the chorus, Falstaff, Lord Latimer, and everybody look at each other, while Queen Elizabeth twirls and totters indifferently and half wearily about. The manager and maestro are settling some hitch between them. Shakespeare joins the colloquy and squats before the footlights, while the few spectators in the darkened auditorium solemnly regard the hat of the bass violinist, which, suggestive of a scarecrow behind the leader, is hung on the bridge of his instrument. It is all settled. Off again. No. Rat-tat-tat from the maestro's bow. Another halt. Signor Operti is vigorously giving instructions to some musician plunged obscurely in the depths of the orchestra. "Pom-pom-pom pom-pom-ra-ta-ta-ta-ta" comes from his mouth while he lifts that man over some musical shoal on which he has struck. All are afloat again. Baton thrust quickly to the extreme right of the chorus, right hand quivers in another direction, left hand is bringing some runaway voice to subjection, both hands and every finger are quivering at everybody, head nods for Falstaff to commence, right eye gives a wink to Lord Latimer, left says something to the manager, fiddle-bow suddenly transfixes a runaway chorus maid of honor, left eye looks daggers at somebody in the wrong key—rat-tat-tat again—another vocal rock or shoal, and the manager, maestro, Falstaff and Shakspeare, squat and bend their heads together in earnest consultation and consequent action to get the opera afloat once more.

Maestro—"Eight bars back now; recollect—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight; now—ra-ta-ta-ta!"

Chorus moves off, manager follows them up, shoving tardy foresters off the stage or shooting negligent ones into their places. Enter solus Bard of Avon. Sings. Stops. Ready now. Bard now not ready for orchestra. Enter a forester in green with hunting horn. Blows very hard. Must. Hard to blow through a solid horn of gilt wood. Puts hand to ear and listens for signal. Enter another forester in green. Puts horn to mouth. Is about to blow when manager darts from hiding place. All wrong. Chases forester in green back to wings. Blows too soon. Enter corrected forester in green once more. Blows precisely as before. Manager rushes at him; dances round him many degrees past the vexation point. Enter two more foresters with gilt horns. They blow. "No, no, no," from stage manager. "Go back now, all of you, and try that over again." And so the dress rehersal goes on far into the night and even morning, while the checked musicians gaze wearily about, and seem to be longing for supper, beer and bed.

Etruscan Tombs in the Maremma.

We stepped into a low, nearly square chamber. The air was damp, the floor of muddy earth. Thus much we perceived at once. Then some wax tapers we had brought with us were lighted, and by their feeble illumination we discovered more particulars. All around the chamber ran a rather wide shelf of earth, raised not above two or three feet from the floor. On this the stone coffer-like tombs had been ranged—those queer little stone boxes, with figures carved in relief upon them, and surmounted by a recumbent figure on the lid, which are to be seen in any museum of antiquities. These must have contained the ashes of the dead; for they are generally far too small to admit a full-grown human being. But one or two sarcophagi of larger dimensions have occasionally been found. Besides the stone coffers stood vases, lamps, weapons, signet rings, female ornaments, and numerous other objects. These were at once removed to protect them from the action of the atmosphere, and are safely housed in public or private collections. The walls are covered with paintings. Some of them are effaced and crumbling into dust. Others remain as distinct as the day they were painted. The subjects of them are extremely various. They range from the mysterious symbols of religious worship down to the most familiar scenes of daily life. There are priests and winged gods and the serpent, typical of so many mysteries; and there are also the slaves pounding corn in a mortar, the domestic repast, musicians playing on instruments, and a curious representation of what looks like a butcher's shop. The carcass of different animals are seen hanging up against the wall. Among them is one which looks like a hare. The human faces are many of them handsome. There is one female head with a wreath upon it, which displays a very high degree of beauty in its classic outline. The countenances of the slaves and domestics are markedly inferior to those of the masters—coarser in features, and painted dark red, like the figures on an antique terra-cotta vase. Both the tombs we visited are, moreover, rich in inscriptions in that Etruscan language which has hitherto baffled the researches of the learned. To uninstructed eyes this seems the more strange when one knows that the Egyptian and Mexican hieroglyphics have been mastered, inasmuch as these Etruscan inscriptions have a clear readable look, and are formed of civilized letters, bearing a general resemblance, I thought, to the Greek character.

Tit for Tat.

Certainly it is pleasant to hear a sayer of ill-natured things put down by an intended victim of his cynical tongue. "The great assembly," as Manningham terms it, must have greatly enjoyed the discomfiture of a certain Lord Paget, who, oblivious to his own mean origin, thought to extol his superiority by asking Sir Thomas White what he thought of the quality of the cloak he wore. "Truly," replied the worthy alderman, "it seems to be a very good cloth; but I remember when I was a young beginner, selling your lordship's father far better, to make him a gown when he was Sergeant to the Lord Mayor; and he was a very honest Sergeant." Nor did those behind the scenes at a certain theatre fail to appreciate the situation when a prosperous equestrian's daughter observed to a retired actress: "After all, you were only a circus artist; my father recollects you well;" and the elder lady retorted: "I dare say he does, my dear, he used to chalk my shoes."

A TRIBUTE TO DR. DRAPER.

The most promising result of solar research since Kirchhoff, in 1860, interpreted the dark lines of the sun's spectrum, has recently been announced from America. Interesting in itself, the discovery just made is doubly interesting in what it seems to promise in the future. Just as Kirchhoff's great discovery, that a certain double dark line in the solar spectrum is due to the vapor of sodium in the sun's atmosphere, was but the first of a long series of results which the spectroscopic analysis of the sun was to reveal, so the discovery just announced that a certain important gas—the oxygen present in our air and the chief chemical constituent of water—shows its presence in the sun by bright lines instead of dark, will in all probability turn out to be but the first fruits of a new method of examining the solar spectrum. As its author, Dr. Henry Draper, of New York, remarks, further investigation in the direction he has persued will lead to the discovery of other elements in the sun, but it was not "proper to conceal the principle on which such researches are to be conducted, for sake of personal advantage." It may well happen, though I anticipate otherwise, that by thus at once describing his method of observation Dr. Draper may enable others to add to the list of known solar elements others which yet remain to be detected; but if Dr. Draper should thus have added but one element to the list, he will ever be regarded as the physicist to whose acumen the method was due by which all those elements were detected, and to whom, therefore, the chief credit of their discovery must certainly be attributed. * * * I would specially call attention to the interest which attaches to Dr Draper's discovery, and to the researches likely to follow from it in connection with a branch of research which is becoming more and more closely connected year by year with solar investigations—I mean stellar spectroscopy. We have seen the stars divided into orders according to their constitution. We recognize evidence tending to show that these various orders depend in part upon age—not absolute, but relative age. There are among the suns which people space some younger by far than our sun, others far older, and some in a late stage of stellar decrepitude. Whether as yet spectroscopists have perfectly succeeded in classifying these stellar orders in such sort that the connection between a star's spectrum and the star's age can be at once determined, may be doubtful. But certainly there are reasons for hoping that before long this will be done. Among the stars, and, strange to say, among celestial objects which are not stars, there are suns in every conceivable stage of development, from embryon masses not as yet justly to be regarded as suns, to masses which have ceased to fulfill the duties of suns. Among the more pressing duties of spectroscopic analysis at the present time is the proper classification of these various orders of stars. Whensoever that task shall have been accomplished, strong light, I venture to predict, will be thrown on our sun's present condition, as well as on his past history, and on that future fate upon which depends the future of our earth.

SALT.

Salt exists in almost all countries, either in masses of what is called rock-salt; or, being washed by the rains, or liberated through the action of the elements, is held in solution and carried toward the ocean; or, percolating the soil, is found in what are termed salt-springs. The sea, as many believe, depends for its saltness on the rivers and streams which are constantly washing the salt into it. Its supply seems inexhaustible. The strata of solid rock-salt at the mines in Poland is so thick that though it has been mined for centuries, it has not yet been bored through. Near Abington, in Virginia, while boring for water, salt rock was found two hundred and thirty feet below the surface, and was penetrated by boring one hundred and sixty-six feet without being passed through. Texas has a vast bed of pure salt lying near the surface. Santo Domingo has a mountain of solid rock-salt. Both these were, probably, in remote times, the beds of ancient seas.

Salt springs abound in the United States, and the manufacture of salt is carried on extensively in various localities. The works near Syracuse, in New York, are the most extensive, and produce annually about six millions of bushels. Next to these in importance are the works at Kanawha, in Virginia, which produce nearly two millions of bushels annually. Within a few years a salt-spring has been discovered at Grand Rapids, Michigan, six hundred and sixty feet below the surface. The place is located on the Grand River, about forty miles from Lake Michigan. Seventy gallons of water yield a bushel of salt, or about twelve ounces to the gallon. The quantity of salt found in the waters of the different springs differs materially, and the test of water from the same spring is found to differ at various times, probably owing to rains and other causes.

While ordinary sea water yields less than three ounces, and the springs at St. Catharine's, in Upper Canada, less than eight ounces, water has been obtained at the Onondaga Salines yielding thirty ounces of salt to the gallon, and at the springs in Virginia fifty ounces, or water eighteen gallons of which will produce a bushel of salt. At Boon's Lick, in Missouri, four hundred and fifty gallons of water are required to produce one bushel of salt.

Some of the salt-springs in England are remarkable for the strength and purity of their waters. Droitwich, in Worcestershire, furnished salt from its brine-springs in the time of the Roman occupation of Britain. The brine contains one-quarter of its weight in pure salt, which is now exported to all parts of the world.

"The consumption of English salt in the United States is very large, and is constantly increasing. Nearly all the salt manufactured in this country contains a small quantity of lime, besides traces of other impurities, which seriously impair its preserving qualities, and render it entirely objectionable for certain uses; as, for instance, in butter making. It is well known to experienced persons that good butter cannot be made and preserved by the use of domestic salt, and it is an undoubted fact that much of the poor butter annually sold in New York market at half price would have been of the best had it been properly made with strictly pure salt.

Pen Pictures of the Khedive.

Ismail Khedive is a man of about forty-eight years of age, under the middle height, but heavily and squarely built, with broad shoulders, which, during the last year, seem to have become bowed down by the heavy burdens imposed upon him, under which he has so manfully struggled. His face is round, covered by a dark brown beard, closely clipped, and a short moustache of the same color, shading a firm but sensual mouth. His complexion is dark, his features regular, heavy, rather than mobile, in expression. His eyes, which he keeps habitually half closed, in Turkish fashion, sometimes closing one entirely, are dark and usually dull, but very penetrating and bright at times, when he shoots a sudden sharp glance, like a flash, at his interlocutor. His face is usually as expressionless as that of the Sphynx or the late Napoleon III., of whom, in my intercourse with the Khedive, I have been frequently reminded; for they are men much of the same stamp in character and intellect, with the same strong and the same weak characteristics, doing constant battle with each other. The Khedive's voice is very characteristic—low, somewhat thick, yet emphatic, well modulated, giving meaning to the most commonplace utterances; his words accompanied by a smile of much attractiveness when he seeks to please, and his mind is at ease. But under the mask of apparent apathy or serenity the close observer will remark the lines across the broad brow and about the strong mouth indicate strong passions as strongly suppressed, and the cares of empire intruding ever on lighter thoughts, and judge the Khedive to be far from a happy man.

Turkish Music.

From the American Art Journal.

The Turks do not cultivate music as an art. As their poetry either touches upon love or war, so their music takes either the form of a sentimental ditty or of a confused warlike noise. The Turkish melodies, like those of Russia, are largely written in minor, but the melodies of Turkey are far inferior to those of Russia; yet for all the Musselmans are a music-loving people. They teach their boys how to sing and play; they love to hear music, if they do dislike to perform it publicly. The poorer classes, however, cause the air to resound with their screeching voices; and wherever one turns in Turkish cities, the singing and dancing people may be met with. The Turks practice music mainly by ear; a scientific musical education is not known among them. Their military music is very noisy; drums and cymbals abound in their bands. Hence noisy music is to this day in Germany styled "Turkish music."

LITERARY NOTES.

The "Official Catalogue of the International Exhibition, Main Building and Art Gallery," has just been published in splendid style by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of this city. It contains a full and clear account of everything connected with the Exhibition, and is richly interspersed with fine engravings. It is not only of the greatest usefulness to those making a visit to the Exhibition, but it is besides interesting and valuable as a keepsake. It is excellently printed on fine paper, contains 117 pages, and is bound in stiff paper cover. The price is only twenty-five cents.

Messrs. Roberts Brothers, Boston, have just issued "Sursum Corda," a collection of hymns for the sick and suffering, compiled by the editor of "Quiet Hours," "Sunshine in the Soul," etc. This volume is admirably adapted for the sphere it is designed to fill. It contains a vast number of hymns, ranging from the Greek church of the eighth century to the present day. Some of these are familiar favorites, but many of them will be new to the majority of readers. Among the authors drawn on are George Herbert, Charles Wesley, Madame Guyon and Tersteegen, as well as numerous others more or less widely known. These hymns have been selected with great care, and the editor, whilst diligently searching over a wide field to gather those expressing the proper sentiments, has not neglected to choose the most poetic. Invalids desiring spiritual consolation could not have a better book than "Sursum Corda." The work has an index of titles, one of authors, and one of first lines, all of which the reader will find highly convenient. The book is small in size and light in weight, in fact just the thing for sick people to handle without weariness. It is clearly printed on good paper, and contains 316 pages. The binding is flexible cloth. Price per copy, $1.25. For sale in this city by Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

Messrs. Lee & Shepard, Boston, have just published, as a volume of their "Sparkling Series," Mrs. Mary A. Denison's new novel, "That Wife of Mine," which is intended to be a companion issue to that remarkably successful romance, "That Husband of Mine," by the same author. We understand that this tale starts out with advance orders for seventy thousand copies, a fact which speaks well for Mrs. Denison's popularity as a writer. "That Wife of Mine" will fully realize all the anticipations of those who purchase it, for, whilst it contains all the humor of its fortunate predecessor, it is rather an improvement on it as a piece of literary workmanship. To be sure, the plot is not much, but it is sufficient for the author's aims and the reader's satisfaction. In fact, the book is decidedly pleasant and interesting, and will amply repay perusal, its chief charm lying in the quaint and original manner in which it treats of the ordinary events of everyday life, and in which very familiar people are sketched. It is gotten up in a style uniform with "That Husband of Mine," and the typography and paper are excellent. It is neatly bound in cloth, and contains 228 pages. Price, per copy, one dollar. Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger have it for sale.

From Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston, we have received the "Memoirs of Carlo Goldoni," which volume is the lastest addition to the Messrs. Osgood's series of "Choice Autobiographies," edited by Wm. D. Howells. Goldoni's autobiography, which is elegantly translated from the original French by John Black, is preceded by the usual introductory essay by the editor, in which the genius and character of the Italian dramatist are amply set forth and exhaustively commented upon. Goldoni wrote in a very pleasant style, and his "Memoirs" are consequently eminently readable. He was the Goldsmith of Italy, and whilst he made all his countrymen laugh by his comic dramas, his life-story was thoroughly tinctured with sadness. All who like to hear a celebrated man tell his personal history should procure and read the work under review. It is handsomely gotten up as to printing and paper, and is neatly bound in cloth, red edges. It contains 428 pages. Price, per copy, $1.25. For sale in this city by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co. also send us "Substance and Show, and Other Lectures," the author being the celebrated Thomas Starr King. The work is edited by that noted essayist, Edwin P. Whipple, who has also contributed an introduction. The subjects treated of in the lectures are "Substance and Show," "The Laws of Disorder," "Socrates," "Sight and Insight," "Hildebrand," "Music," "Existence and Life," "The Earth and the Mechanic Arts," "Daniel Webster," "Books and Reading," "The Privilege and Duties of Patriotism," and "Intellectual Duties of Students in their Academic Years." These twelve discourses are marked by deep thought, eloquently and effectively expressed. They convey a great deal of instruction in the most pleasing and attractive manner, and the style in which they are written overflows with beauty and grace. They are healthful and vigorous in tone, and richly merit a large share of attention from the reading community. The work is printed in clear type on a fine quality of paper, and is tastefully bound in cloth. It is 12mo size, 434 pages. Price per copy, $2.00. Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. have it on sale.

From Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co. we also have a magnificent volume, entitled, "Christmastide." It contains "The River Path," by Whittier, "Excelsior," by Longfellow; "The Rose," by Lowell, and "Baby Bell," by Aldrich. These poems, as everybody knows, are among the choicest gems in American literature. "The River Path" contains seventeen illustrations, by T. Moran, William Hart, J. A. Brown, S. Colman, J. McEntee, A. R. Waud, and Jessie Curtis. "Excelsior" contains fifteen illustrations, by A. R. Waud, W. Homer, T. Moran, J. McEntee, Charles Kendrick and F. T. Merrill. "The Rose" contains fifteen illustrations, by C. S. Reinhart, R. Swain Gifford, Mary Hallock Foote and F. T. Merrill. "Baby Bell" contains twenty illustrations, by Jessie Curtis, T. Moran, A. R. Waud, J. A. Brown and F. T. Merrill. The engraver of these is Mr. A. V. S. Anthony, who also furnishes a fair share of them himself. These illustrations are executed in the highest style of art, and challenge admiration from their exquisite beauty and finish. Each page contains a portion of the text and a descriptive engraving. The poems are printed only on one side of the page, and the typography is literally superb. The margins are very wide, and the paper tinted and of extra quality. The general effect of the handsome volume is rich in the extreme, and for a Christmas gift we know of nothing superior to it. Its price is five dollars per copy. The same poems, with the same engravings, and gotten up in the same elegant style, may also be had in separate volumes, the price being $1.50 each. Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. will furnish all or any one of the works above named.

Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co. have just published "The Jimmyjohns, and Other Stories," by Mrs. A. M. Diaz, author of "The William Henry Letters," "Lucy Maria," etc. This is a volume of admirable short stories for children, and will certainly meet with an abundant welcome from the little ones, for there is not a tale between its covers that is not bright and interesting as well as moral. The book contains poetry as well as prose, and is supplemented with dramas and dialogues suitable for the youngsters. There is also a wealth of fun and real pleasure in the volume, and its text is fully interpreted by numerous striking engravings. "The Jimmyjohns and Other Stories" is neatly printed, and attractively bound in cloth. Price per copy, $1.50. For sale by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

From Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of this city, we have "The Amours of Philippe," by Octave Feuillet. This story, which has just been completed in the Revue des Deux Mondes, Paris, has been reproduced promptly by the Messrs. Peterson in an English dress. Feuillet is a fine writer, and his present novel will add to his fame. It is, however, unfortunate for him that he did not find a more reliable translator than Mrs. Mary Neal Sherwood, whose unmerciful butchery of Alphonse Daudet's masterpiece, "Sidonie," is yet fresh in the public mind. The Messrs. Peterson have published "The Amours of Philippe" in good style, uniform with "Theo," "Rosine's Six Lovers," and "That Girl of Mine," and it makes quite an attractive appearance. Price, in paper cover, fifty cents per copy.

THE MAGAZINES.

From Scribner & Co., New York, we have the bound volume of St. Nicholas for the year ending November, 1877, and a more attractive book for a Christmas present to young folks would be very difficult to find. All the children, and, for that matter, all the grown-up people, too, are thoroughly familiar with the great merits of this truly admirable magazine. The bound volume before us is a perfect treasury of the good things of literature for the young. It contains novels, short tales, poems, essays, and any amount of miscellaneous matter, all of the very best, and in it merit and purity of tone go hand-in-hand. In fact it presents an almost overwhelming variety of mental food, and in its pages fiction and practical instruction are charmingly mixed. In addition to all this, the bound volume is absolutely overflowing with beautiful and striking pictures, embracing almost every subject and executed in the highest style of the engraver's art. The work before us is of royal octavo size, 880 pages, and is elegantly printed on fine paper. It is very tastefully and ornately bound in crimson and gold, the cover being of extra quality and substantial. Price, per copy, four dollars. In this city it may be obtained of Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. Having spoken of the past we will now take a little glance into the future. We have the prospectus of St. Nicholas for 1878, and see in it a strong list of contributors and a dazzling array of attractions. The December number will have a new cover designed by Walter Crane, the eminent English artist, and will contain the opening chapters of Miss Alcott's new serial, "Under the Lilacs," with illustrations by Mary Hallock Foote. There will also be commenced a new serial story for boys, and there will be, besides, contributions from Longfellow, Bryant, Dr. J. G. Holland, Gail Hamilton and many others. The number will contain nearly 100 pages, and will be abundantly illustrated. All should get the Christmas number of St. Nicholas.

NEW MUSIC.

From Messrs. White, Smith & Co., Boston, we have the following pieces of new music: "Gold[illegible] Tresses Turning Gray," an excellent song and chorus; "Father of Mercies," a quartet, with solos and duets, for morning service; and the "Highland Grand March," a highly artistic composition.

The Fury of a Woman Scorned.

From the Halifax Chronicle.

A romantic encounter took place the other day between two Indian women and a [illegible] chief on board the Soulanges, at Fredericton. The two, it appears, had been travelling with the setting sun toward the great Salt Lake and had brought a bottle with them to keep their spirits revived. One of the women [illegible] rather inclined to be handsome, and [illegible] seemed to glory in conversing with her. [illegible] she had promised ere three moons to bestow her hand upon a more youthful brave. [illegible] however, began to make love to her, and [illegible] hinted young Gabe was a mere squaw. This was too much for Swan Neck. Naturally irritable of temper, and now [illegible] with fire-water, she rushed upon the unfortunate Joel, and, with the grip of a tigress, dragged him to the floor. The other woman, who had all along been taking an occasional dram out of the bottle, now [illegible] the calumet, and seizing a billet of wood, began to cudgel the unfortunate Joel. She had, it appears, for many years cherished the fond hope that he would one day bring her to his wigwam and make her the trainer of his papooses. But her love had been treated with scorn, and now every welt that she gave him with the billet of wood paid for many hours of watching in the still hours of night, with nothing but the pale moon streaming down to comfort her as she tried to catch his figure returning from the hunt. Well, from what we can learn, but for the intervention of some of the crew, Joel would never again hunt moose.

HOUSEKEEPER.

TO COOK SWEET POTATOES.—Wash well, drain, and place in a steamer over your Irish potatoes; steam till done; take them out, put in a pan, and set in the oven till they are a light brown.

HOW TO CLEAN FLAT IRONS.—The best way to clean flat irons is to take a small, clean board, put coarse table salt on, and rub the irons thoroughly on that, then wax them and wipe them on a clean cloth. This will make the face smooth.

SAVOURY SAUCE FOR A ROASTED GOOSE.—A tablespoonful of made mustard, half a tablespoonful of cayenne pepper and three tablespoonfuls of port wine. When mixed, pour this hot into the body of the goose before sending it up. It wonderfully improves the sage and onions.

TO BOIL POTATOES.—Put the pot on first, with sufficient water. Wash the potatoes twice to be sure they are clean. When the water boils drop them in, and cook over a brisk fire till done; then pour off the water, uncover them, and set on the stove a minute or two before taking out.

WASHING OIL-CLOTHS.—In washing oil-cloths, never use any soap or a scrub-brush. It will destroy in a short time an oil-cloth that should last for years. Use instead warm water and a soft cloth of flannel and wipe off with water and skim milk. Keep the best of soap on hand; but by a fair trial it will be seen that full two-thirds more soap is used than is beneficial.

FRENCH MUSTARD.—Take a quarter of a pound of best yellow mustard, pour over it a half pint each of water and vinegar, add a pinch of salt and a piece of calamus root the size of a pea; put it on the fire, and while it boils add a tablespoonful of flour; let it boil twenty minutes, stirring it constantly. Just before taking it off stir in a tablespoonful of sugar or honey. When cool put it into bottles and cork tightly.

DURABLE MATS.—Very durable and neat mats for floors can be made from old coffee sacks. A piece of the bagging of suitable size is bound with some dark fabric and secured to a frame of four laths. By means of a hook of wood or iron, like an enlarged crochet needle, carpet rags are carried through the material so as to skip every other thread and to leave loops half an inch long, the ends, of course, being fastened. Old red flannel can be used to make tasteful borders.

[illegible]

[illegible]

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 17, 1877

ANOTHER NEW SERIAL.

In the next number of the Post we shall present our readers with the initial instalment of another new serial romance. It is called

"FETTERED, YET FREE,"

and is from the pen of the talented author of "Clouds and Sunshine," "Estelle's Error," and other highly successful stories. It is full of interest and striking situations, and will at once commend itself to favorable attention.

BULWER'S GENIUS.

Of all her distinguished literary men, either of the past or present, there is none of whom England can justly be prouder than of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. True, he was surpassed in genius by many of his predecessors, and by not a few of his contemporaries, but for all that he was a great writer in the fullest sense of the word. As a novelist he could not compare with either Dickens or Thackeray, but all his fictions are, nevertheless, undeniably fine. As a dramatist he could approach neither Cumberland nor Sheridan, and yet he has left plays that will hold their place to be admired as long as "The West Indian" or "School for Scandal." As a poet his rank was lower than as either a novelist or a dramatist, and his superiors were legion, yet it cannot be said with truth that he ever wrote a verse that was positively bad. As a translator from foreign tongues, especially the French and German, he had few equals, and some of his renditions from Schiller, notably "The Diver," were the best ever made. In fact, Bulwer touched no branch of literature in which he was not successful, and which he did not ornament.

A rare scholar, he could not forbear exhibiting his knowledge on every possible occasion, and that, too, so obtrusively that he laid himself open to the charge of pedantry. His novels, plays and poems are very heavily freighted with learning, so heavily, in fact, that it required all his genius to make them readable and enjoyable to the great mass of readers, and relieve them from the stigma of dullness so readily bestowed by the thoughtless and superficial. That he did render everything he wrote highly popular and entertaining, is therefore a convincing proof that he had the tact and talent to effectually counterbalance his foible. Another demerit of Bulwer's was supreme egotism. It crops out conspicuously in all he ever did. He considered himself the greatest man of his time, if not of any time, and imagined that he excelled in every possible talent and accomplishment. In short he thought himself a second edition of the Admirable Crichton, and nothing could weaken his firm belief in this respect. Any student of English fictional literature knows that the heroes of Bulwer's novels are all drawn from Bulwer, are graphic pictures of himself as he thought he was. This accounts for the marked sameness among those individuals, and redeems their creator from a well-defined suspicion of poverty in character-drawing, a suspicion that is, in fact, unjust, for Bulwer, if so minded, could, and did, create characters originally and vividly, although it must be admitted that character-drawing was not, properly speaking, his forte.

As a plot-maker Bulwer was very good, but his main strength in novel-writing lay in description. He could write a song of his real life scenes, which in point of intensity and giant power rivaled some of Thackeray's occasional outbursts? Those skeptical of Bulwer's descriptive abilities have only to read his "Last Days of Pompeii" to have every doubt speedily and radically removed. That novel is particularly rich in pictorial effect, and abounds in situations that are described as only Bulwer could describe. But we merely give "The Last Days of Pompeii" as one out of many prominent examples, for all Bulwer's fictions are marvels of description. His style of composition, as shown in his romances, was clear, crisp and pure, and his prose is as powerful, and, at the same time, as flowing and melodious, as the most exacting critic could desire. No man, in short, understood the mere management of words better than Bulwer, and he never penned a sentence that was not, in every way or manner, finished. Still his style was not artificial, but natural, and not a marble statue, but a living, breathing creature with

is everywhere evident in his novels, and most painfully evident, too.

Bulwer's plays are models in plot, construction and language. They are strong, interesting, chaste and elegant, and, what is more, have, in parts, considerable unctuous humor, a quality not apparent to any marked extent in his novels. "Richelieu" is a noble production, and some of the passages in it are worthy of Shakspeare himself. The character-drawing in this play is the best Bulwer ever did, and it has not a single personage not vigorously individualized. "The Lady of Lyons" and "Money" are masterpieces, though they occupy a lower dramatic plane than "Richelieu." Bulwer's posthumous play, "The House of Darnley," is not very highly spoken of, but it is fair to presume that its author either did not set great store by it, or intended to entirely remodel it before presenting it to the public. As it has recently been given to the world in London, it is more Coghlan's work than Bulwer's, and hence cannot be judged with "Richelieu," "The Lady of Lyons" and "Money."

Of Bulwer's poetry and translations we have already spoken sufficiently, but it remains to say that in another field than that of literature Bulwer also shone conspicuously. In the intervals of writing he found time to be a statesman of pronounced ability, and his labors in the political arena of Great Britain have not been without decided results. Summing up his career and works, the impartial critic cannot withhold from him the praise due to untiring industry and genius of a very high order. Bulwer has left his mark upon English literature and politics, and his fame will go down from generation to generation with a brightness that can never fade.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH BOOKS.

There was a time when English publications carried off the palm for fine mechanical work, and when London editions of books were sought for as by far the best to be had. That time, however, is past, for within the last few years the United States have come to the front as a great book-publishing country, and their work, formerly inferior, has grown to rival that of England in more respects than one. In time past the latter, and not very long gone by either, it was only necessary to give a slight glance at the typography and paper of a volume to tell its nationality unerringly, but at the present hour, without the imprint of the type-setting house to guide, in the majority of cases it is impossible to determine with anything like certainty whether a book was published in England or the United States. In fact, American fine book-work is every whit as good as the English, and, at the same time, very much cheaper.

American editions of books, too, have increased in reliability and fullness, for American scholarship is now as ripe as that of Great Britain, and, as a natural consequence, our books are of greater value than some years since. In this country it was always considered of prime importance that education should be placed as much as possible within reach of all, and this fact is the best solution of cheap books. Improvements in typography and paper were gradually made, but the sentiment of the people prevented a corresponding advance in prices. In England, on the contrary, the ideas of popular education have been liberal, and hence it was not at first considered a necessity to place books at a low figure. Starting at high rates, the British publishers have never made any sensible reduction, and to-day English books are about three as costly as they should be.

In this country we have book-publishing firms whose work is always of the finest, and whose prices are very far below houses of a similar rank in Great Britain. The great book-making centres are New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago, and the statistics of the publishing trade in these cities are well calculated to cause astonishment from their magnitude. The works issued embrace the entire field of literature, and range from novels costing a few cents to five dollar editions de luxe, or works of even much higher price. Whole armies of literary men and women find employment with our publishers, and besides original matter, we have floods of reprints and translations, whilst it is a fact worthy of notice that our reprints of English books are always far less costly than the originals are in Great Britain. Truly, the advancement made by American publishers recently has been astonishing amazing, and that they now equal their English brethren in the fineness of their work is matter for sincere congratulation.

OUR SANCTUM CHAT.

WOMEN are rapidly coming to the front as religious teachers. It is eighteen hundred and odd years since a Christian gentleman named Paul wrote to one Timothy, "I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over a man, but to be in silence." And now as many as twenty-nine women are advertised in the Chicago papers as conducting religious services and preaching on a single Sunday, and as the world moves, and women move with it.

WESTERN improvements on the English language are not so generally known as they might be. A Washington correspondent says he had the pleasure of meeting the wife of the Secretary of War as saying, in reply to the query as to whether she had Mrs. Belknap's carriage, very emphatically, "No, you won't find any of that skulduggery about us!" and all the ignorant fine women are demanding to know what that awful word means. They ought to know that it is a very good and very common word in the West, whence comes the wife of the Secretary of War. It is a favorite in the best society there, and the language is very simple and well understood by educated minds. Its best Eastern equivalent is "shenanagin," although the less complicated word "hornswoggling" rather directly translates it.

THERE is some consolation left, for, although Osman Pasha was so unaccommodating as to be born among the Turks rather than in Kentucky, Gen. Tevis, who has recently been expelled from Roumania by the Russian staff, is undoubtedly an American, and a graduate of the Military Academy at West Point. He entered the Turkish army at the outbreak of the Crimean war, and served in Asia Minor. His successful raid through and during the civil war in America commanded a brigade. He fought against the Germans during the war of 1870, and when peace was declared entered the army of the Khedive.

TURN about is fair play. The heathen are organizing foreign missions for the conversion of Christians. The Hindus of the sacred city of Benares have founded a society for the propagation of Brahminism among the Christians of Australia. An eloquent Brahmin of the name of Suradschi, a man of great authority, has recently been visiting some of the English colonies, and while travelling in Australia was appalled and grieved at the fearful prevalence of drunkenness among the Christians. On returning to India he called together a number of thoughtful Brahmins, to whom he communicated his glowing zeal to do something for the salvation of their degraded fellow-men and fellow subjects in Australia. The only perfect remedy, he considered, would be the conversion of these Christians to a better and purer faith. A large sum was collected for the pious and benevolent enterprise, and some of the Brahmins declared their willingness to devote themselves to the work, and to spend and be spent in this humane and holy cause. Suradschi is now engaged in translating fitting passages from the Vedas into the English tongue for the use of the missionaries. The issue of this Brahminical attempt to convert Chistians will be looked for with some interest.

IT is interesting to know that on the Mount of Olives, in the old Armenian Convent, the remains of a Crusader's church have recently been discovered. In his official report, which appears in the London Athenæum, Lieutenant Kitchener states that tradition has long pointed out this spot as the place where the Saviour mounted the ass for his triumphal entry into Jerusalem. In the chapel, which dates from the twelfth or thirteenth century there is an almost square block of masonry covered with paintings, which are executed in bold, but badly disfigured. On the south side is represented the raising of Lazarus; on the north are the disciples fetching the ass; on the west there is a niche covered by an arch which was probably supported by two small columns; below the niche is a portion of the inscription still remaining. This square block is supposed to be either an altar, a shrine, or a portion of the rock cut out and ornamented. The walls of the small chamber in the south are also painted with a design of squares containing circles, and the walls of the church are painted in a common pattern. The shield of Hamseh has been taken down from the mosque by the Pasha, and is now in the Citadel. It appears to have been the cover of a baptismal font, or of some vessel, and is made of bronze, containing a great deal of silver. The work appears to be Italian of the twelfth century, and is very beautiful.

PERSONAL.

The Marquis of Lorne, it is reported, will shortly be raised to a peerage.

Gambetta, rumor states, has just came in for a legacy of 11 000 000 sterling ($5,000 000 francs.

William Charles Wentworth, one of the oldest ex-post brothers, has just died at Sydney, Australia, of consumption.

A despatch from Augusta, Me., says Senator Blaine is rapidly convalescing and will soon be upon the street again.

The Prince of Wales photographed a couple of weeks ago. Three attempts were necessary, and he wrote under the portrait, "My last picture."

The King of Sweden is a poet; he has been writing the libretto to a musical work in three parts composed by Mr Hallstrom, and called "Souvenirs d'un Voyage."

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Sir Gardner Wilkinson, on his mission to the Netherlands, succeeds James Birney, son of the noted Kentucky Abolitionist, Samuel Birney. Abolitionists are rapidly becoming popular in the Old Dominion, and Mr. Birney's son, Mr. Wilkinson's successor, will be a man of "Southern" views upon the slavery question.

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Mrs. Brooks, the artist in butter, has been modeling to the music of a big organ, at a Western Exposition, a composition piece by Mr. Gottschalk, "Jubilette"—a music book called "The Coming Man."

Senator Conkling paid ten dollars for a cup of coffee on election day. It was given to the Women's Temperance Union of Utica, which, on being distributed about 3000 gallons of coffee at the polls.

One of the chief ornaments of the theatre at Aix-la-Chapelle, first opened on New York Day night, was an oak-tree. Fifteen seated in a box between two bandsome young ladies, beaming contentedly with the crowd around them.

Mrs. Fremont says that when she went to San Francisco, in '49, visits in the day time were held as a marked attention. She was told that "time was worth five dollars a minute," and took it as a great compliment the brief visits made to her during the day.

The rifle with which the Countess of Dufferin fired the opening shot at the Winnipeg rifle tournament has been decorated with a silver plate bearing a suitable inscription. The Countess is a fine marksswoman, and regular in his attendance at drill and parade.

Mrs. Belle Lynch, who, on her husband's death, assumed charge of the paper at Ukiah, Cal., of which he had been editor, entered complaint that she is not treated with perfect courtesy by the men she wrote a man. Already she has been thrashed by two indignant readers, and the people have seemingly resolved to drive her out of the town.

The Rev. Henry Brougham Rosenfeld, Vicar of Andover, will not be the new Bishop of Newfoundland, but will go to the Cape Colony or the Transvaal, so that the mitre is going a begging. The see is the largest in the world, including Hudson's Bay, Labrador, Newfoundland and Saskatchewan, the salary attached to it is only $3,000 a year.

Mr. John A. Cockerill, of the Cincinnati Enquirer, resigned his position as editor, but when he returned, found his place as managing editor of that paper filled. He has gone over to the St. Louis Democrat, where the new proprietor of Mr. R. M. Chambers, proposes to contest the leadership of the Missouri Democracy with the old and wealthy Republican.

Feminine independence appears to flourish in Great Britain. Miss Marjoribanks, who is shortly to be married to the Hon. Alexander Gordon, has more than three long speeches in reply to public deputations concerning addresses of congratulation upon the approaching event, and this notwithstanding her future husband was present to respond if she preferred him to do so.

Miss Kate Field, after a long sojourn in France, is once more at work in London. Her comedietta, entitled "Extreme Men"—in which she acted last spring at the St. James' Theatre—has been published in Mr. French's series of plays; and another piece, written by her for Mr. Toole, entitled "Mr. Midge Robertson—one of the few really good actresses in England. Miss Field is in fine health and spirits.

Senator Morton's will gives the whole of his property absolutely to his widow, leaving her to use her own judgment and discretion as to how she shall dispose of their children, in their education and otherwise, who being the sole issue of what old Indiana politicians call "Extreme Men"—in which she acted last spring at the St. James' Theatre—has been published in Mr. French's series of plays; and another piece, written by her for Mr. Toole, entitled "Mr. Midge Robertson—one of the few really good actresses in England. Miss Field is in fine health and spirits.

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HOME CULTURE.

XXII.

SELF-TRAINING;

A COMPANION TO THE

"YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND,"

Compiled to Suit Life in America,

BY

MRS. H. O. WARD.

CHAPTER VII.

SOCIAL OBSERVANCES.—HIGHER CULTURE.

There is no civilized country in the world where so much license is permitted in the intercourse of young men and women as in the United States; it gives to the foreigner travelling here a singular idea of American morality, and leads, for instance, to the production of such a play as "Uncle Sam," which presents a picture that may be exaggerated in most particulars, but which at the same time conveys a suggestion that if proper decorum were exhibited by the young people, the idea of such a play would not have entered the mind of its author. He knew that if he had seen young men and women acting toward each other in France as he had seen young Americans doing, he would reach a conclusion unfavorable to the purity of their relations.

* * * * *

It is the personal contact of the man which does more to conquer the woman than his speech or his good looks. A states of Practicles vivified with the soul of wit and original thought, standing away from her, must make slow progress toward her heart. Proximity in talk, where the words fall close to the ear, is effective in proportion as features are revealed in the power of the touch. The nobler part of man looks upward, and the baser downward; the aspirations of the soul would wing their flight to the clouds, but the fleshliness of the body keep them to the earth. It is for this that the young woman must be safe-guarded against the weaknesses of this superior kind of animal—man.

It has been said that our young men can safely be trusted not to take advantage of long tete-a-tetes with young women to do anything they would not do in presence of the mothers; but it is better not to have too much confidence in masculine rectitude under such circumstances. It is well for the young woman that the man is educated as her social protector, for if he were not, she would be morally in a lower scale than she is to-day, he is not always a social protector, and the family cannot afford to take the risk of having a black sheep.

According to Arabic law the man is not held accountable for pursuading the woman to leave the straight path, it being regarded as the duty of the woman herself and her family to take care and defend her from the assaults of her own passions. There is a little hint conveyed in this Oriental law which should not be lost on mothers with grown-up daughters.

* * * * *

But in most cases the mothers are more to blame, perhaps, than the young people, who are inexperienced and drawn together by an affinity which, in all healthy natures is one in the vigor of life. It can hardly be expected of them to pursue the straight path without the healthful restraints and good counsel which a mother alone can give, and it is clearly the duty of the mother to command as well as to teach, to make of her daughter her constant companion and friend, so that she may confide in her according to the old-fashioned code of confession and advice, often lead to fatal results. The habit so common among our girls to seek this close companionship in girls of their own age, very married women, and to stand, in a measure, aloof from the mother, is unfortunate, for, in proportion as the daughter cultivates such intimacies, she with draws herself from her mother's side and from home influences.—Chaperons for the Girls.

* * * * *

The license existing and increasing in many circles of American society has caused this age to be not inaptly generally termed "the reign of shoddy," for it is at the door of uncultivated families, possessing speedily acquired wealth, that the responsibility of this state of things lies.

Those who seek to maintain the customs of past generations in their training and teachings, are looked upon as eccentric, to use the mildest term. Many of these customs and observances which are really sensible ones, and long used in foreign society for the convenience of its members, are stigmatized as "reformers," and treated as such. A thousand annoyances and petties destroy the restraining presence of dowagers, such an attractive innovation upon old-school customs that the dowager is no longer considered a necessary institution in some of our circles of society.

A lady was recently asked if she allowed her daughters to accept invitations which were not to extended to her. "Not as a matter of course to all my ideas of propriety; but I find that I must take my choice between excluding them from society or allowing them to go with some young married friend; the old ladies are very seldom invited in these days.

The laxity of usora's and the freedom of manners which are declared to be characteristics of our age, are attributed by many to the fact that young girls are allowed so much more liberty than was formerly thought respectable, and physicians and writers are now drawing attention to some of the ways in which this liberty has been abused, with disastrous results.

One of these results is shown in the conduct and manners of young men in the society of women. There is a want of respect which is painful to witness, and very painful is it to listen to the comments made by some of them upon womanhood in general. They seem to forget that they reflect upon their mothers and sisters in giving utterance to such sweeping assertions of disbelief in correctness of principles and purity of life. "If we would save the manners and the morals of the country, our women must be taught to stay at home," says a journalist, and he is right. Even those young men who have been taught to respect all who are worthy of respect without regard to worldly position, are often observed to treat servants of every day life, become careless after associating with those girls and women who hold those lax ideas, and who encourage instead of condemning the freedom. "I like the cut of that woman's jib," said a gentlemen to a lady once in a ball-room. The lady answered, "Why, you speak of a woman with no more respect than you would of a horse."

Her companion frankly thanked her for her reproof, adding, "If all ladies were like yourself, men would not fall into such a beastly way of talking." It is this neglect to show disapproval of coarse remarks and offensive habits which has caused our women to be held responsible for the bad manners of men and the "tendency to rowdyism" which, it is said, prevails in this generation, and probably is a growing social blot in English as well as in American society. If all ladies were to follow the example given, and never pass over without some notice, (though only by raising the eye-brows), any ungentlemanly speech or conduct, we should soon hear of a change for the better, for man is most unfortunately an animal whom tenderness and consideration, when deprived of the beneficial corrective influence of refined and pure-minded women. Many instances could be given of the prevalence of men in society, English as well as American, who would be ashamed to use in the presence of ladies the expressions which they will indulge in among their companions. Yes, however, will endless to show the different manner pursued by young men in the highest strata of fashionable society in New York, one having been trained to a strict observance of these forms, the other delegating to a family which considered such forms as of no importance.

At a ball in New York, a gentleman said to the young lady to whom he was engaged for his invitation to the house of her parents, "Will you kindly introduce me to your father and mother?" She replied, "Don't give yourself that trouble; it is not of the slightest consequence, I assure you; it is my ball." The gentleman answered, "I do not look upon the introduction as a trouble, but as a pleasure. My self-respect, as well as my respect for you and your parents, makes the introduction necessary." He spoke so firmly that he carried his point and was introduced. In the other case, the young man was invited (by the request of a common friend) to attend an entertainment given by a New York lady in Newport. Afterwards he was asked if he knew this lady. He answered, "No. I do not know her. I was at her ball the other evening, but I avoided an introduction." Rudolf Harthal's reply to the Earl who "had not self-respect to be a gentleman" is again quoted.

To such a level must society fall, where "fast" men and women and untrained boys and girls are dominant; but as yet such a state of things is the exception, and not the rule, and those whose opinions are in any way likely to influence its general tone. It is to prevent the headway of this class that writers are turning their attention to the management of young people, and that mothers are so unwilling to secure their daughters as far as possible from such influences. There may be some who are inclined to think that the subject of manners is receiving too much attention, and that it is a "mere question of the day," but such should bear in mind that we must guard the manners, if for no other reason than to protect the morals. A little more consideration for others, for which we all need to be reminded of from time to time, are as follows:

Those who accept invitations to stop at the houses of friends or acquaintances, either in their city homes or at their country seats, should always hold themselves at the disposal of those whom they are visiting. If they propose to go to ride, to drive, or even to take their repose as far as your strength will allow, and do your best to seem pleased by the efforts made to entertain you. As a rule, host and guest are quite independent of each other from breakfast until luncheon. After that meal the guest is bound to make himself as agreeable as he can to the company, and to behave in all respects as if he were a visitor. If anything goes wrong during the visit, one should seem not to see it. If children are fractious, no remarks concerning their conduct must be made. Your friend's friends may be as dear to you as your own, but intimate with, but persons possessing tact can always keep people at a distance without hurting their feelings. There is a tacit confidence reposed in all guests, and the greatest delicacy is required, in order to keep it inviolate.

A guest should always ascertain what are the usual hours of rising, taking meals, and retiring, and these customs scrupulously to them. These hours are sometimes given on a card, left in the guest-chambers. License is generally allowed for breakfast and luncheon, the members of the family sitting down to meals as served, and not waiting for the delinquent. In large establishments, no inconvenience is experienced by delay; those who come late are served as well as those who sit down with the family. In all well-regulated families in America, its members are early trained to be punctual, at all the meals of the day. Visitors are bound by the laws of social intercourse, to conform in all respects to the habits of the house. To keep dinner waiting, to accept invitations without consulting your friend, to call upon the servant to do errands for you, or to waste time you too much, and to keep the family up after the hours of retiring, are alike evidences of a want of thought and good breeding. Letters can be read at breakfast or at luncheon, by asking permission to do so; but not at dinner.

Whatever you may have remarked to the disadvantage of your friends, whilst partaking of their hospitality, should never transpire through your means, neither while you are under their roof or afterwards. Speak only of what redounds to their praise or credit. This feeling should be mutual between host and guest; whatever good is discovered in either may be commented upon, but let silence cover what is amiss. Guests should be careful about leaving the marks of dress upon the mantels and wash-stands, or the carpets and furniture covering, with the contents of the bottles in their dressing cases; and never allow their maids to use the articles of the people and parties dust from their walking boots. Careful home training is shown by a due regard for these matters.

The housemaid (as well as the butler and the chambermaid) expects to be remembered at the departure of guests, if she has been called upon to light fires for them, or to wait upon them, in the absence of their own maids.

A gentleman offers the right arm in all countries excepting France in conducting ladies through suits of rooms or by so doing the right hand of the lady is left free to arrange and protect the folds of her gown, or to guard delicate lace flounces from being stepped upon by others. Besides, should not gallantry always assign the lady's place upon the right of the man who conducts her, where customs permit him to do so? A lady gives the seat of honor at table on her right, retaining the right hand seat herself, excepting in the case of a gentleman who she yields it to a lady older than herself. An English lady of rank once invited an American lady, who was a distant relative of her husband, to drive with them in Hyde Park. She was ready at the appointed hour, and finding the fourth seat in the landau unoccupied, begged permission to take her daughter with her, whom otherwise she must leave alone in the London house. The permission was most courteously given, but the entire pleasure of the drive was destroyed by the titled lady insisting upon giving up her seat to the young girl, whose place it was to sit back to the horses, saying that she could not do such a rude thing as to allow a guest to drive backwards in her carriage. We would think it rude to be remanded to a position involving both of her guests to such an uncomfortable drive as it must have been for them, was far greater than it would have been to have retained her own seat. The lesson was most intended as a reproof to the lady who had taken the liberty of asking permission to allow her young daughter to accompany her?

When a lady offers to drive a gentleman in her phaeton, he should walk a few paces if he accepts the invitation; unless the distance being great she should propose to call for him. Under such circumstances he will be on the watch, and, if possible, meet her on the way.

A gentleman precedes a lady passing through a crowd ladies precede gentlemen under ordinary circumstances.

When two ladies meet in the saloon, and the younger steps back to give the older precedence, should the latter motion her to precede, she should bow and pass in without hesitation.

A gentleman entering a morning call should call rise successively upon the entrance of each lady in the family, but does not rise a second time if the ladies are passing in and out of the room, unless he has some object in doing so. It is embarrassing to a lady who is called out of the room frequently, to find a gentleman rising each time of her return.

A gentleman paying a morning call should never cross from the best motives, without subjecting the one who recalls it to the charge of being either ignorant or regardless of all conventional rules of politeness. There is but one exception to this rule, and that is when the invitation has been delivered to the wrong person.

False delicacy once prevented a lady from sending for an invitation that had been delivered to a person of the same name as the one addressed, and the sender of the invitation was afterwards represented, first, as pushing, in asking older residents, and next, as rude, in not inviting all the members of the large family who had taken occasion to leave cards upon her when the one wrongly-delivered invitation had been received.

The rule that a lady must always have the wall either on the street or ascending stairs-cases should not be regarded. It was made for walking in streets where there are no sidewalks or very narrow ones, (as still seen in some foreign cities), to prevent the lady from the passing vehicles and animals. In America a gentleman must keep always on the left of a lady, in order to guard her from the jostling of passers by. He says no regard to the wall. In ascending a stair-case he observes the same rule. It is for the protection of ladies in this way, that the rule is universally observed, of giving the wall to them.

To sit with your back to a person without asking to be excused; to lounge or yawn in the presence of others; to sit or stand with the feet wide apart; to sing in company; to indulge in. In the home circle it is never allowed, but one cannot control the crowd in a railway car. This is one of the reasons that the railway in Europe is rendered so much more agreeable. Those who have travelled abroad as no exclusive tastes prefer our own cars to the European railway carriages.

The breath should be kept sweet and pure. Onions, garlic, etc., are forbidden fruit of the century. No gentleman ought to enter the presence of ladies smelling of tobacco. In those homes where the husband is permitted to smoke in the parlor, a lamp should be kept burning, be it drawing-room or chamber, the sons will follow the father's example, and the air of the house, in more ways than one, will be like that of a public house.

Physical education is indispensable to every well-bred man and woman. A gentleman should not only know how to dance, to bet, to ride, to shoot, to play cricket, but athletics, he must also know how to carry himself, and how to dance if he would enjoy life to the uttermost. A good carriage is only attained by the help of drilling master, and boxing must also be scientifically taught. A man should also be made able to defend himself from ruffians, and to defend women from them also.

What fencing and drilling are to a man, dancing and calisthenics exercises are to a young woman. Every lady should know how to dance, whether she intends to dance in society or not; the better the physical training, the more graceful and healthful a woman will be.

Swimming, skating, archery, games of lawn-tennis and croquet, riding and driving, all help to strengthen the muscles, and e take the development of the upon air, which these games desirable. The subject is one that too much cannot be said of by parents, teachers and educational reformers.

In conversation, all provincialisms, affectations of foreign accents, mannerisms, exaggerations and slang are detestable. Equally to be avoided are inaccuracies of expression, hesitation, an undue use of French or other foreign words, and over-fine approaches to purity, coarseness, triviality, or provocation. Gentlemen sometimes address ladies in a very flippant manner, which they are obliged in pose without rebuking, for various reasons, while inwardly they rebel. Many a worthy man has done himself an irreparable injury by thus creating a bad impression, for the lady in question, while he might have made his friends, had he addressed them as though he considered them rational beings, capable of sustaining their part in a conversation above the level of slang.

This flippancy is as much an evidence of ill-breeding as is the perpetual smile, the half-opened mouth, of the man who is preparing to break in upon the conversation, the wandering eye, and the vacant stare.

Suppression of undue emotion, whether of laughter, or anger, or mortification, or disappointment, or selfishness in any form, is a sure mark of good training.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Literary Women.

Miss Jane Austen, died 1816, aged 42; Mrs. Radcliffe, 1823, aged 59; Miss Mitford, 1855, aged 69; Miss Edgeworth, 1849, aged 82; Miss Jane Porter, 1850, aged 73; Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, 1800, aged 80; Mrs. Piozzi, 1821, aged 81; Miss Hannah More, 1833, aged 88; Miss Barbauld, 1849, aged 82; Lady Morgan, 1859, aged 82; Mrs. Madam d'Arblay, 1840, aged 88; Miss Hannah More, 1833, aged 88; Mrs. Marcet, 1850, aged 80; Miss Joanna Baillie, 1851, aged 89; Miss Berry, 1852, aged 90; Mary Somerville, 1872, aged 92; Miss Harriet Lee, 1851, aged 93; Miss Caroline Herschel, 1847, aged 97; Miss Smith, 1857, aged 97; for the nineteen literary ladies an average age of 81. Now it is quite true, of course, that the first and oldest writer of the list stands in genius worth all the others put together. We have no need to say that Miss Austen's novels will continue to be read as long as the English language endures, and we have a good deal of doubt about all the others, even Miss Edgeworth, who probably comes next upon the list, though far away below Miss Austen. Yet no one would be disposed to assert that there was anything in the genius of Miss Austen at all of a kind to shorten her life. There was no morbid excitability or remarkable power either in her works or in her life as it has been given to the world. On the contrary, that unique section of the literary world—and it is not quite a minute one—which rejects Miss Austen as "flat" and "commonplace," complains of her excessive realism, of the minuteness of her studies and the dullness of the materials which she uses. Nevertheless, no doubt, but at least it bears witness to the perfect tranquility and composure of Miss Austen's mind that her life was so long and that her relatively early death was in no way due to the wear and tear which genius in some times supposed to make its own constitution. Of those who remain, much the most eminent in the world of literature are Miss Edgeworth and Mrs. Barbauld—reached the great age of 82; while Miss Joanna Baillie, who had been a very bright and popular writer, reached the age of 89; and the two whose tastes and talents led them into scientific research, Miss Somerville and Miss Caroline Herschel, reached the ages of 92 and 98 respectively. It is hardly possible to conceive more vivid proofs than these of the culture of the intellect, if it has any effect on the age at which life is prolonged. The average age of cases it must have, since it alters the tastes and occupations, and must more or less modify the habits of the brain, has the effect of lengthening life rather than shortening it. It is curious and perhaps significant that of those on the list who display the most remarkable knowledge of character, Miss Austen, Miss Jane Porter, Miss Edgeworth, and Miss Joanna Baillie, not one has shown any knowledge of character at all. And doubtless the kind of insight which makes novelists is not exactly the kind of insight which makes them. Miss Austen's knowledge was shown in what fastidious and perhaps a little formalistic. We know how formidable Miss Brodrick found it to see young curates drawn or sketched so cleverly and satirically, and that though she was eventually married, it was not when she was little more than a child of talent, and perhaps hardly felt its power.

A Thistle Potato.

From the Montreal Gazette.

Mr. Isaac Martin, of Smith's Hill, showed a natural curiosity one other day, in the shape of a Canada Thistle with a well formed potato attached to the root. The potato was about the size of the ordinary one to be seen in the market. The connection was by means of a small root, and the thistle was broken off ground. The potato was found in the ground when the thistle was broken off ground. The potato was found in the ground when the thistle was broken off ground.

INDIAN SUMMER.

Weep, weep, November rain;
While mists, dull like a shroud
From the dead earth's cradled joy and pain;
Wild blasts, lift up your voices, cry aloud!
Rush down the last leaves from the quivering boughs,
And wail about the house,
O melancholy wind!
Like one that seeketh and can never find.

But come not, O sweet days,
Out of your chosen place,
Chaste ones of many a year remembered May,
With faces like dead lovers, pale and cold.
Come not, lest I go seek with eyes all wet,
Primrose and violet,
Pansy and daisy, in the woodland deep,
Deep in the mould if Winter has gone by.

—'Tis Winter has gone by!
Come down, days bright and strange,
Beautiful, sated with the life of restless change,
Shine on, sweet ladies of repose, shadow, calm,
The year's last thankful psalm
You sing you sinless days!
—We, too, will smile: and wait the Eternal Spring.

TRIED BY FIRE.

BY MRS. MARY P. SCHUYLER.

CHAPTER XVIII—(Continued.)

A faint hope sprang up in his mind, a hope that by pleading her friendship and gaining her gratitude, he might eventually win her love. That hope was shortlived, however; he understood her with whom he had to deal so well, and he began to try to think of some mode of revenge equal to the one he had been pursuing, but that should injure no one but herself. Not that he pitied her, but he hoped, if possible, to doom her to greater anguish.

"You say that you will forgive me everything," he said.

"Think you that I shall have the only one injured? On one condition, and on one only, will I spare you." He came close to her, so that he might the better enjoy the death of the one who had awakened. She stood before him, silent, expectant, hopeful, waiting for him to speak. "On one condition will I spare you," he said, coming so close that his breath touched hers. "Raise your right hand to heaven, and swear by the God whom you reverence that you will never marry Harry Delmont."

She clasped her hands again with that same wild anguish on her face.

"You know not what you ask!" she gasped. "Oh, God! I cannot! I cannot! Once more spare me!"

"Did you spare me?" he asked, with a low, fiendish laugh. "Did I not offer you wealth and name, and position such as few could give, and you not accept them, only to cast them back to me as soon as your false love returned to its throne? Do not plead to me longer, for you will find me inexorable as marble." He took out his jewelled watch and glanced at it by the moonlight. "I will give you five minutes to decide," he resumed. "If you refuse, I shall leave you without another word, and you are well aware of the course I shall pursue."

Monsieur Casino stood back and leaned nonchalantly against a tree which shaded, and still holding his watch in his hand and evidently fortunized to wait patiently. Ada's manner, however, came nowhere near meeting his expectations. There was evidently a great struggle going on in her breast; but that intense anguish had left her face, and in its place there was a look of fixed determination.

"You need not wait longer for my answer, Monsieur Casino," she said at length, with queenly dignity. "I can give it now as well as a few moments later. Harry Delmont is the only man I have ever loved. I ever more must again, and he asks me to marry him. I shall certainly do so. When I leave you I shall go straight to my father and tell him of the vile plot you have woven against me, and of the threats you have made here to-night. You have taunted me with my low position and my poverty. This last I do not deny. But let me inform you that my own family name and my father's honor stand as high to-day as the proudest blood with wealth. The leading men of the city are my father's friends. Your vulgar scheme may not prove as successful as you think."

Monsieur Casino's handsome face was distorted with passion. He sprang toward her with a fierce gesture of menace, and grasped her firmly by the wrist.

"Think you that I will be so easily thwarted?" he hissed. "As long as I have life I shall pursue you! You shall see me when and where you least expect me. I shall haunt you even in your dreams! In less than a year I shall have you at my feet, pleading for mercy. Mind, girl! I shall have you at my revenge."

"Release me, sir!" Ada demanded, in tones intensely earnest. "Release me I say; or I shall call for assistance."

"Your dare not," he responded exultingly. "Even if there be some one near who would defend you, your neighbors would hear your call and think that they could think of you as being here alone with me under circumstances so unfavorable? All the explanations you could give, would not save you from rumor. Ah, what a precious bit of scandal we should make for the gossips! Will you try it, Mademoiselle?"

She saw the truth of what he said, and reached to her own bitter humiliation, that she was under that ban which always follows in the footsteps of secrecy—suspicion. She should have consulted her father before coming out to meet Monsieur Casino, should have trusted him as lightly as possible, and not have been afraid of anything serious that might otherwise have occurred. She was helpless and alone, and all because she had been standing there with Monsieur's vice-like grip upon her arm, a terrible excitement came over her. She knew him to be really was, his very touch was pollution. Her tender flesh quivered under his cold grasp. How she loathed herself that she had even tried to love him! How degraded she felt that she must stand there with his hand upon her fair arm, wanning her face! This very excitement, however, made her thoughts come quicker, clearer, than ever before in her life. The instinct of self-preservation was strong in her to free herself from this present humiliation without thought of consequence. Only able to be free from him! Anything was preferable to hearing the touch, the vulgar menace, of one so infinitely low.

"I will suffer the torture of the whole world rather than this," she said desperately. "Is this your vaunted chivalry, Monsieur Casino? Surely there is little of bravery in such conduct as this! Let me again, unless you release me instantly, I shall call out."

He gave a low, irritating laugh that fired all the indignation in her veins.

"Call," he said. "You could please me no better, now."

She had meant what she said, and would not have hesitated; but ere the cry had left her lips, the shrubbery behind her was swept aside and, with a bound, a man cleared the seat on which they had been sitting and stood before them.

"Unhand that lady," he exclaimed, in a tone that brooked no denial.

From sheer surprise Monsieur Casino dropped Ada's arm, and with a low cry of joy she sprang to her protector's side. Then the two men faced each other—Monsieur Casino, cowardly and treacherous; the other quiet, manly and justly indignant, waiting silently for Monsieur to speak.

"Will you be so infinitely obliging as to tell me who you are and what brought you here at this unseemly hour?" Monsieur Casino at length addressed him, such impudence as years of practice had given him.

"My name is Delmont."

and my presence here can be easily explained. I have just arrived in the city after a short absence, and having been in the habit, since Mr. Venner's illness, of calling here at any hour that best suited me, I concluded to call before going home. My main object was to see Miss Venner if she was still up, however, and taking the privilege of an old friend, I came up from the river through the garden. As I neared this spot I heard voices, and my own name was mentioned, and—"

"Consequently could not resist the temptation to play the eavesdropper," interrupted Monsieur Casino. "You really have the gift of adage, I presume; for, if I mistake not, you have a good deal of yourself."

"I heard something that gave me great pleasure, however," Harry Delmont answered, paying no heed to Monsieur's implied insult, and looking steadily at Ada. "I also heard enough to convince me that Miss Venner had need of my assistance. Miss Venner stands before the world as my promised wife, and I will not be tempted to try to think of some mode of revenge equal to the one he had been pursuing, but that should injure no one but herself. Not that he pitied her, but he hoped, if possible, to doom her to greater anguish.

"Ah, I see that you will forgive me everything," he said.

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knew that she had stood the test, and his faith in her was built upon a rock that would never shrink. Implicit faith had come to him slowly, as true affection always does, and it absorbed his whole being. Never had woman moved his heart before, and now that he loved her at last, it was his fate to love more than life, and only less than honor. Such love as this is as rare as it is beautiful, nevertheless it has driven men mad and wrecked women's lives, and it may have been well for Harry Delmont that he had found a heart capable of responding to the immeasurable love of his own.

Still she had not moved—seemed not to see him—yet he knew instinctively that she was thinking of him. Every force of the fight and agony she had undergone that night was in her left face. It was now calm, white and peaceful, with a glow of rest upon it, which he knew his presence had brought there. Peace had come to both simultaneously. For Ada she had no fear of Monsieur or his promised revenge, and she came of a protecting arm—with a new joy filling every nook of her life, Monsieur to drift entirely out of both. Slowly, as if attracted by the ardent gaze fixed upon her, she lifted

"IN THE LAND THE OLD TUNE."

BY O. W. HOLMES.

There is no time like the old time, when you and I
Were little lads of April blossomed, and birds of
May
Filled every tree with music, and Summer made the
days
Too short, too short, sweet violets, the flowers that
last us
Where'er we first saw violets on the mirrored
face
Of the dear brook that warmed us, from
the shining water that bore,
Where'er we first caught a glimpse of the violet's
deep blue
All in the forest like the old friend who has
shared our morning days,
Whose every look and word assures us homage like his
Is due to us.
There is the loveliest flower with purply crown of
bloom,
And fragrance in the breathing sun, such sweets in
every kind,
There is no love like the old love that we courted
in our best
Clothes, our knees are failing, sailing and we're
fathom wide by now.
There are blossoms all around us with the colors of
the sky,
And we live in borrowed sunshine when the light
of day is gone.

There are no times like the old times—they shall
never be forgot!
There is no place like the old place—keep green the
memory of it!
There are no friends like the old friends—may
they live long!
There are no loves like our old loves—God bless
our loving wives!

MY BROTHER.

My brother Athell and I were left orphans indeed we were left fully to understand the bitterness of our loss; and we grew up together in the house of our father's widowed sister, who, when she had pitifully taken the two little boys under her wing, and her children home, felt that she had done for them all that she was called upon to do.

Harry morning we separated at the door to go to our different schools, and every evening we repeated to each other all that we had learned so haughtily.

But, though our lives were full of longing for the happiness and love which we knew to be in store for us, and led to ours, we never uttered a word of this to each other even then.

There was a wrongs, shy pride always between us, not much, I trust, between brother and sister—a pride born of a deep almost watchful love, which made us hesitate to fling our own sorrows into each other's lives.

I knew that this hesitation concealed almost to fear to look our hearts, but most in mine end, while I kept my yearnings and disappointments hidden from Athell I kept from him, too, the rare, sweet happiness of utter sympathy.

Athell was little more than a boy when we lost the aunt who had adopted us, and as her property had been nearly a life interest, we were left to brave the world together, alone and penniless.

The kind old lawyer who laid us this indeed long and keenly into Athell's brave young face as he spoke—and after a pause Athell said quietly that he would take him into his own office, where he might rise as rapidly as he liked.

How well I remember Athell's grateful pride, and how I went away to hide my happy tears, because in the old town where we had grown up together, we were to live together still.

I was going to be with Athell!

Year by year my love for my brother grew and deepened, yet still that silent shadow lay between us. I used to feel that our natures were too much alike, perhaps, to show that sympathy to each I surely needed, yet it was not give.

We were both passionate, firm and reserved to an odd word.

Yet I was not sure. I know that I was the one who ought to have lifted the shadow—that every time my own joy refused me coldly and Athell back when he would have taken me a little nearer to his heart.

Dearly as he loved me, I knew it was not the same passionate, engrossing love which filled my heart for him, and I was jealous that this should be so.

Even in the far-off times he was rather my friend since in his life—when we had no one in the world but each other—more than a brother loved me.

Athell was all in the world to me. He seemed to me a friend and dear companion, and I longed to be loved—a friend with whom to pass long hours of pure and deep communion, with whom to be heartily.

How often and how vainly have I wondered that I could share this happiness of that friend! I was not blind to Athell's faults, and did not even love it because he did, and I knew that in that lay the secret—that he was not understanding me, and not loving me for myself alone when we as realness and my nature my own.

The pride and kind of his little life—a mechanical society, and Athell had belonged to it ever since I had been thrown—was developed taste and extraordinary skill in music, society above all the average performers and playing first at the head of the orchestra when he was a little more than a boy.

It was at their meeting I remember that Athell first met Major Cahill and his daughter Clara. Major Cahill was counted a great deal among the rich and influential, but still as a member Athell always stood above him.

I think he never forgave my brother for leading, and could not bear here, placed below him on the public orchestra. But Athell himself did not guess this. I think his heart was too full of happiness then to have room for the mistrust of any kind.

I saw the gradual change and from that time my life shadowed by my fear for him. Knowing there was such a trouble, I knew of it, yet knowing what a gulf in the world's eyes lay between my brother and the girl he loved, was it strange that my life was shadowed by my fear for him?

I watched the hope taking deeper and firmer root in his heart, and at last I could not bear to hear him mention Clara's name or to see him with a happiness which I might not share.

Nor could I bear to see his eyes soften to such ineffable tenderness when he took up his violin, going for it as he did to a friend to him, sympathized with him, understood him.

How jealous I was of it then—longing, when I saw him hold it so caressingly to go between and beg him to whisper on me only a little of the love he bore it.

But still the shadow of my own shy pride would come between, and—standing beyond the shadow—I was content to love him, yet to let the act be worshipped in his friend and comforter; and I had no friend and comforter at all, while the anxiety I felt for him seemed often almost greater than I could bear.

Sometimes—though the times grew rarer and rarer—Athell spoke of Clara wistfully, as if, having broken the ice of his own reserve, he longed for me to speak frankly of her too, but I could not.

From the very first I had felt that this love of his was hopeless, and I shrank from hearing his confident thoughts with a dread that was like a physical sensation, for in its intense painful-

dark room looking up into the lighted orchestra, and there I saw them just as I had seen them in my thoughts.

Clara, bending over the harp, seemed to love the instrument almost as my brother loved his violin, but once when she raised her face to his, I fancied, while I read it, that there was still a deeper love within her heart, as there was still a deeper love in his.

A fair and beautiful picture she made, sitting at the gilded instrument, her soft bright dress falling round her in sumptuous folds, her pure young face rapt and earnest. There were one or two gentlemen hovering about her, and I hoped Athell would notice how willingly and pleasantly she spoke to all.

For a few minutes there was a pause for the leading violin, and, while Athell dropped his bow, and Clara played on below him for those few minutes the wonderful light upon his face almost frightened me.

War she, in his heart, a part of the music that he loved, or did the music speak to him of her? Then there came a burst of music, and then again his whole soul was in the music.

When the practice was over, I waited in intense anxiety to see my brother and Miss Cahill separate.

For a minute Clara rose and voluntarily spoke to Athell, as he stepped down to her, and then to her father had hastily summoned her.

But my heart beat angrily, for I knew that it was cruel of her to have spoken to him at all, there in the midst of the crowd, while he stood with that love—which everyone could read upon his face; cruel of her to let him leave her with that dazzling light of hope within his eyes, cruel then to turn and speak to others with a smile, while he went in silence from the hall.

I had noticed that Major Cahill never spoke to Athell through the whole practice, and that was the only circumstance which I dared to speak of after Athell had heartily laughed at me for going to hear what I did not care for.

He flushed hotly then, and hastily turned the subject. I saw that he wished me to speak to Clara, but again I shrank from it. I spoke of the approaching concerts, knowing the pleasure Athell always had in them, but I could not mention Miss Cahill.

At last with a dreamy happiness in his eyes, he told me, unasked, how passionately he loved her.

Now that you have seen her," he said, gently, "I feel that you can understand how I have learned to love her, Margaret."

In low, calm words, never broken by the passion burning at my heart, I warned him that their love would be a source of no life.

"Even if so," he said, in grave and quiet tones, "I cannot live without it."

"An unreturned and slighted girl," I remarked.

"But if she loves me, Margaret! There are moments when I feel she does."

"If she does, Athell, it is worse still, for she must know to what disappointment she is leading you."

How cold and unfeeling my words sounded, while my heart seemed breaking, just as if it could find the agony which was being prepared for Athell!

I told him nervously that I was sure Major Cahill did not suspect the truth, or he would have spoken to him himself.

For a few moments Athell sat in thought, a look of pain upon his face, which he rose, having had to himself and half to me, that he would write to Major Cahill that very night, and to Clara too.

I bade him good night, and left him at her desk. I have thought since that he might have liked me to sit with him then, but I let him have my silent anxiety all address; and I suppose he must be receiving farther from our brother's heart.

I went to my own room, and, while he thought that I was sleeping, I massed on my useless pillow for the happiness which I had prayed for in vain for my brother.

Hour after hour I listened for his step on the stairs, but never heard it, and in the early morning, from the room where I had left him, I heard the sound of his violin, as he played and passionately.

I did not know what grand old master tasks through the passionate harmony but I knew in my soul that a wild, sweet hope breathed in every tone, and I knew what I might have known that hope had been created in Athell, and had developed and grown strong.

A few days afterwards Major Cahill's answer came to Athell, the letter which was to contain Clara's answer, too.

I was when which was brought in, and I took it at once to Athell's room. He opened the door came with his gentle, pleasant smile, and put the letter into his hand without a word, and went away.

All day I waited for him, but he never came that night. Dinner, and tea all went away unnoticed. I could not summon him, knowing what his answer must be to him, and I could not comfort him.

So I sat waiting for him through that weary day, and, at last, in the early darkness, I heard him coming down the stairs. I went out to meet him, and found him in the hall. He took me within their face, I hesitated, and while I did so he passed out into the darkness.

Yet, if I had put my arms about him he could not have been more kind.

His voice was passionless and sad, revealing all the hidden hopelessness of that time through which she had been silent, but I could see a strange new light dawning in his eyes.

She stood before him, looking down upon his quivering face, her hands clasped, but as she read the suffering which had left its mark there—and so knew what this year had been for him—she stooped, and, with a blush upon her wistful face, she laid her lips upon his worn, white cheek.

"All this time, Athell," she whispered, with shy beseeching eyes, "I was hoping you would come—always hoping, always waiting, Athell."

I saw Athell's face just for one instant, and I felt I could have fallen at Clara's feet, to thank her for the life she had brought back to him.

But I only crept away and tore up the letter which had told such a falsehood—little guessing that a few years afterwards, when Gerard Cahill was dying, he would be so anxious to see us, as well as to Clara, that I should tell him one day in penitence—as I had long before told her—how and why I had written that letter from Athell's dictation, and how I had kept and answer that it could have no effect, because he and Clara were old friends, tried and proved.

"A little guessed" that then—quite grave again—he would tell me there was but one in all the world from whose lips an evil word could hurt him.

But it all happened so at last, and I knew whom he meant, and prayed in my heart that some day I might be as little deserving of any evil words as Clara had been of those which I had written.

So, after all, when the first parting came between Athell and me, it was not a sorrowful one for either of us, because the old shadow could not live in the gladness and gratitude of our hearts.

And though Athell's home—dear to me for his sake as if we were to be driven to it—is mine no longer, I know that we are nearer to each other now even than we were in those old days through which we lived together.

Ah! Clara, with your glad, candid, trustful manner, we wonder that you crept in closely into my brother's heart, and no wonder that my own home should be its brightest and best.

The Knight's Contest.

It was a fine Autumn evening, after the great tournament which took place at Boncourt, when the knights who had entered the lists were refreshing themselves, and indulging in the pleasures of the evening, gabled, whose purple ribs restores our wasted strength, and casts an oblivion over the perils and the toils of war, that it was proposed by Sir Hildebrand Du Percy that every knight should, as a request to his toasting, on one knee, the lady of his love, describe the force of his passion by words and deeds, the feats which he had performed for her, the intensity and duration of his passion, together with the constancy and permanence of his flame, for they were already weary of discussing on their deeds of arms in field of fight, jousts, tourneys and assemble.

"For myself," said Sir Hildebrand, who made the proposition, "my tale is short—by well-deserving little; I can only boast of truth and fidelity. Here" taking up his helm, where his crest, a lion, was surmounted by a plume of white ostrich feathers, and adorned by a white veil, "here is the token—his lady's favor—here," said he, modestly, "is the history of my life. I have loved and served the Lady Blanche for fourteen years; she was my first and only, and shall be my last, love. I have been stenciled in combat with her as the sun on her maiden color. And I look forward to the time when the cross shall humble the crescent, and the Moslem for be trampled in the dust, to call her mine. Let this wish suffice for my love." So saying, he quaffed a curiously engraven, together with a wreath of myrtle, for his prize. To the Lady Blanche! (drinking); "I have loved none other."

"And I," said the next in order, lord applause following his brief and manly harangue.

Every hour and in the circle was now on Sir Reginald St. George.

The Knight was of high stature and proud bearing, in the flower of youth, yet already well known in the battle plain and lady's bower.

He had cleft a Saracen to the saddle bow at the siege of Acculan, and was awarded the prize in the tournament of the Seven Champions, who fought for the Princess of Arragon.

He had in single combat won of many fair damoselles, but had attached himself principally, most durably, and lastly, to the Lady Bertha, celebrated for her exquisite beauty.

Her golden hair, emblem of her springtide age and sweetness, was prettily placed over his crest—the dragon—and a profusion of green feathers hung down to the shoulder of his sword arm.

His coat-of-mail was splendid, his glaive had been empurpled with the best blood of the infidel host, and thus he spake—

"Of my young exploits—my winning my spurs, and of the first time my place at tournament in the van—I will say nothing, but for the lady whom I serve, behold!"—loosening his cuirass and showing his breast—"behold these scars! I have been pierced by hostile darts, and seven times as many single combats, since the Lady Bertha put this chain about my neck and fixed her colors on my crest. In all of these I invoked her name as my signal for victory, and in my last encounter with the Turkish leader I slew him, and, dipping this favor in his blood, I laid it, on my return, at the feet of the lady of my love and service. To further fame I have no pretence. To the health of the Lady Bertha, supreme in beauty and in virtue, gaiuny it who dares!"

The clapping of hands here testimony of great applause as the knight flung himself proudly and carelessly on his couch.

Sir Hugh De Tressy now rose.

His complexion was bronzed by the Egyptian sun.

A war on his mainly forehead proclaimed him brave amongst the brave.

He was known to be a faithful knight of the Lady Bertha in single combat, by which name his passion with coldness and indifference, yet still did he serve her with truth and fervor, and, persevering in faithfulness and high renown, he had sought for and won the right to fix upon his crest the device of a sun, which her fair disposition and self-love had so long withheld from him.

For her he refused the hand of the richest heiress of Anjou, for her he performed the pilgrimage on foot, when she was seized by a fever, for her, as he recounted in his address, he landed a naked river at midnight, for her he passed many a stormy night under her latter, celebrating her in song—for her he was a minstrel, as well as a chief of high renown; and, lastly, for her he dared to single fight the most mighty Saracen in the Egyptian host, and having put him here to combat, he met here to house a brother of the Sultan Saladine, and, having brought him to the ground, vaulted from his battle steed, and, regarding it as a gift of her destroying weapon—

"Gentle lady fair, smile upon me."

After a long contest he slew his man, and plucking the jewel from his turban, and the signet-ring from his finger, he sent them as trophies of his valor, also, in return, presented him with an anchiet.

His hopes were now increased, and, as he observed in concluding his narration, he hoped to win her at last, for whose love he lived. Thus saying, he replaced his helmet on his brow, surmounted by an eagle plume; his crest the same, his colors, royal purple and gold.

The blank panache, waving in sepulchral sadness over the visier, crested by a sphinx, and bearing a yellow favor, announced the distant knight of St. Sepulchre, one whose fest in Palestine had risen to the highest pitch with his brethren-in-arms.

This was a cavalier of Provence—Sir Maurice Murenville. He had but one lady faithless had he proved to her; and when he drew forth the little iron protection near his heart, and showing a yellow favor, announced the name of his

PHILIP.

BY AUNT SUSAN.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

Maitland, having refused to enter the house, stood as he had done impatiently switching his boots with his riding whip. Hearing the sound of steps along the passage, he turned towards Philip with a pleasant countenance, and said, as he touched his hat:

"I would like to see Mrs. Bunting if she is at leisure."

"Will you be kind enough to excuse us? She is writing for you in the parlor."

"I would rather see her here," he replied. "My time is limited, and I have very little to say."

"If you would see her," returned Philip, "you will have to comply with my request."

Maitland, after placing his hat on the stand, went in and took a seat beside Mrs. Bunting. Finding that Philip still remained with them, he asked to be left alone with Mrs. Bunting, apologizing for his seeming rudeness, by saying that his business was of a private nature, concerning her and herself only.

At a look from his mother, implying a desire that he should comply with this request, Philip withdrew to a communicating room, to await the result of the interview.

As soon as he had gone, Maitland, after seeing that the doors were closed, said:

"You are, I suppose, aware that your husband and myself were at one time associated together. In consequence of this, he possessed papers valuable to no one but myself. He often told me where they could be found in yonder desk, pointing to that piece of furniture already mentioned in the true story; in case of an unforeseen event occurring, and he also said that, in such an emergency, I would find no difficulty in procuring the key from you. Is it not true, that I am here to-day?"

"You ask an impossibility of me," replied Mrs. Bunting. "The papers have already been removed."

Maitland rose quickly from his chair.

"Removed!" he cried, "and who dared remove them? The papers were of a private character, enclosed in an envelope that bore my name on the exterior."

"I will have to refer you to Mr. Elliott," returned Mrs. Bunting, "as he took possession of the contents of the desk, and removed them to his private dwelling."

Maitland's eyes flashed with anger, as he stamped on the floor.

"Great heavens, woman!" he exclaimed, "how dared you allow it. Do you know what you have done? You have sealed your own doom, and certain ruin awaits you! But you have never been so mad. No, you have learned from your husband how to extort money from me, and you are looking for that purpose. Name, then, the sum!"

Mrs. Bunting, unmoved by all his violence, only repeated what she had said before.

Provoked by her coolness, Maitland roughly seized her by the arm, crying: "The key, woman, the key!" while in his other hand he held the whip, of which he had all this time kept unconsciously a firm grasp. Even then, Mrs. Bunting retained her composure, and it was not until he had released her, and, proceeding towards the desk, took a large knife from his pocket, and, with the thick blade, was endeavoring to force open the lock, that she suffered a shriek to escape her lips. Then Philip and Lucy both rushed into the room.

Maitland started back, the knife blade gleaming in his uplifted hand. The next minute, Philip had sprung upon him, and a struggle ensued, which would have ended disastrously for him, had not a shadow at that moment darkened the window, and Mr. Elliott came hurrying in.

Maitland, although filled with consternation at this sudden appearance, still held the boy firmly in his grasp.

"Shame on you! Eugene Maitland; shame on you!" cried Mr. Elliott, with a loud voice. "Unhand the boy! Are you intent to complete your crimes by his murder? Look upon his face! Ah, yes, search well each lineament. Do you not see his mother there? That boy is your nephew, Wilfred Maitland."

Maitland's hands quickly relaxed their hold, as his eyes were set with a wild stare upon Philip's face, while a shudder passed over him. Then, recovering his audacity, but not for a moment, he rejoined:

"You lie, Tom Elliott. The boy is an utter stranger to me. I never saw him before."

"He is your sister's son. Do you want more proof than my word for it? If you do I can produce it at once." And he took from his pocket a sheet of paper from which he read:

"I have committed a great crime, and, while I have the power, I desire in some measure to atone for it; therefore I write this to state that the boy called Philip Bunting, and passing for my son, was placed in my hands by Eugene Maitland for his own nefarious purposes, and is the son of John and Eva ——."

With a quick movement, Maitland snatched the paper from Mr. Elliott's hand and tore it into a thousand pieces. He was frantic with rage, and paced the floor to and fro with the fury of a maniac.

Mrs. Bunting looked with dismay on the pieces of the important document, as they lay scattered on the floor, but Mr. Elliott only laughed as he remarked that the original paper, of which the torn fragments had been only a copy, was safely stored away, and that it mattered but little for this destruction. Then, turning to the wondering boy, he said:

"Yes, it is all true, Philip. This man, Eugene Maitland, is your unnatural uncle, who, to gain possession of your mother's fortune, represented you as dying in your babyhood to the miller, in conspiracy with him, has kept you here in seclusion all your life, passing you off as his adopted son. But it is over now. Your rights will soon be established, and I presume your parents gave you will once more be your own?"

"You cannot prove it," interrupted Maitland. "I defy you!"

"We will see what can be done," returned Mr. Elliott. "There is such a thing as a court of justice. Suppose I tell you more. Nora Whitfield has been found, and has made a full confession."

Maitland staggered to the wall, where he stood with his head bent down; while Mr. Elliott, turning towards Philip, continued:

"You, my boy; I would not tell you until the chain of evidence was complete. We have work to do, and plenty of it yet. Take man—" But Maitland's place was vacant. He had taken the opportunity, while Philip, in astonishment was listening to Mr. Elliott's revelations, to slip from the room unobserved and the moment of his absence was not enough to excite alarm, and atmosphere, as he galloped off at full speed.

"Let him go," said Mr. Elliott; "we can do without him, and, if he escapes justice, he has taken the punishment upon himself. Now, my boy, [illegible] and let me embrace you, our young cousin, first learned for your own worth, and now doubly dear for the sake of your dead mother!"

Will Elliott, waiting without, was wondering with all his might at the mysterious proceedings within the house, when Lucy came to fetch him. The girl was crying, and the compassionate Will, who could not bear to see her tears, tried to console her; but when, between her sobs, she told him what had been transpiring, in a moment Lucy and her sorrows were forgotten, and he rushed into the room, scarcely able to suppress the amount of his indignation at being deprived of a share in the affray.

"Why did you let him escape so easily," he cried, "if I had only known about it, when I saw him sneaking out, I would have knocked him down! O, you papa, laugh if you will, but I am certain I could have done it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Right at Last.

I was engaged to be married to Nora Whitfield. Nora was not beautiful, according to the world's dispensers of beauty criticism, I suppose, she was so in my eyes, and that was all that was necessary to secure her a faithful lover. She was the sort of girl, too, that under ordinary circumstances, as maid or wife, a man might have trusted implicitly.

Nora Whitfield worried me deeply in reference to Bob Sacres. And why I didn't openly challenge Bob Sacres for assaulting him, or do something desperate, I am at a loss to this day to determine. I am sure I suffered enough to do either, or both, and finish the crime by suicide—only I didn't.

Bob was handsome; nay, that isn't the word for it; he was dashing, witty, brilliant, beautiful. While I, Theodore Wood, was but a respectable looking fellow, not above mediocrity in anything, unless in the long line of old English ancestry that made me rather proud of my blood.

It is true I had inherited but a competency from my father, and at the early age of twenty-five I had doubled my patrimony; while spendthrift Bob Sacres, but two years my senior, had well nigh run through an immense estate.

But, lo! when was a woman ever known, if you can but touch her heart, to regard such things as that? Nine tenths of the creatures, unless they have the modern mania of "marrying for money," will throw overboard a hundred "safe chances" for one of your fast, rattle-brain, dovi-may-care sort of fellows. Let such an one get up the reputation of a man about town with the old folks, and, take my word for it, his progress in female society, unless big brothers or papas put a stop to it, is one triumphal march.

Such was exactly Bob's position when he came to the neighborhood in which I lived. He had been in Germany, I think, to school; he had been to Asia to see the women of Circassia and Georgia, and had gone to Europe to have his Pyramids to talk about; and had lingered a year or two in Paris, because that gay city had possessed untold attractions for such a nature as his.

But when Bob's relations had about given him up, as doomed to destruction, he suddenly threw off his bad habits, like an old garment, and which he had seen fit to masquerade for a time, and came home, seemingly as fresh as though none of the defilements of earth had ever clung about him; and with just enough of the leaven of knowledge relating the pleasing side of adventures, that had all their ugliness carefully disguised.

Why Nora Whitfield should have been taken with a violent fancy for me, but she were as it soon became evident to anyone who chose to notice the way matters were going.

About the only piece of real estate remaining to Bob was an elegant plantation, unfortunately adjoining my own; between me and Mr. Whitfield.

And just when everyone was expecting the grandest reward of "Bank Castle" to sell voluntarily, or by the forced action of a sheriff, Bob Sacres appeared in our midst, declaring his determination to pursue the peaceful and honorable avocation of a farmer henceforth.

The old people shook their heads with a sort of augury that boded no better luck to this man to any of his other less plausible schemes; but when Bob walked by the side of our country church on the Sunday after his arrival, with uncovered head, erect figure and measured tread, the eyes of half the women in the congregation were cast furtively upon him, and the scapegrace knew, though he affected to be so unconscious that he was creating a sensation.

There was profound reverence in his deportment during service; and when he moved gracefully along with the dispersing crowd, other young men, who had fancied themselves well dressed, in the morning, threw back in shame-faced confusion, feeling that their attire could not stand comparison with the true Parisian cut and magic finish of his.

His reputation as a heartless gallant, too, would have made all ambitious mothers to view him with disfavor; but Bob either was, or affected to be, entirely ignorant of these things; and the modest ease with which he saluted each of them as he recognized to have seen when he was a small boy, was really amusing to any one not immediately concerned, as I had no reason to suppose myself to be at the time.

He shook hands with old, genial Mr. Whitfield, as though the one wish of his life, in all the years of his absence, had been to get back to him, and him alone—greeted Mrs. Whitfield with the deference and courtesy of a knight of the olden time; and spoke to Nora with just the ease, confound him, as though he had danced half the evening before with her, and had seen her but last night.

Then, when, in reality, they had not met since they were respectively twelve and eight years of age; and had been termed by their parents, "little sweethearts of each other."

I smiled complacently, to think how heartily Mr. Whitfield would frown at the barest supposition of such a relationship for them now or in the future; and was thus consoled for the momentary annoyance I had experienced, when Nora turned her pretty brown eyes up to his handsome face.

"I'm glad that I find you a queenly woman, instead of a fairy child, you have not changed at all," said Bob, easily; "and honestly, I had scarcely caught sight of you, when I felt the thrill unmistakable of your influence returning upon me."

"And you," replied Nora, without appearing the least offended at such open flattery, "you are not at all like you used to be. I should never have known you.

And there was a yet more objectionable element in the expression than in the words, as though she meant to imply a great improvement on his past, when he knew he had always been famous for his beauty.

Then they fell to talking with an ease that made me horribly nervous, chatting incessantly as he walked on her left hand to the carriage, while I obstinately kept my place on the right, and observed with pleasure that a half frown contracted on Miss Whitfield's brow.

Of course no one had ever laid anything serious to the charge of Bob's honor, and she could not avoid asking him to use her as they drove off. But anyone with half an eye could have perceived that it was for form's sake, and that she would even wish him to regard it in that light.

Bob could, however, not have been the most accomplished of rascals, for on getting over that evening, as I usually did on Sundays, who should I find but Bob, as big as life, laying himself out generally, as though he had been the patron of the whole family from time immemorial.

It was in vain for Mrs. Whitfield to look grave, or for Mr. Whitfield to frown. They began with a half-suppressed laugh at his jokes, and gave over at last with sensitive merriment. As for Nora, they seemed to fall into the old understanding, without any renewed conditions. I had never seen anything like it.

She was far easier with him in a couple of hours than she was with me though we had been engaged for awhile year. And while I sat wondering where he got all his assurance from, I started guiltily, as if he were answering my thoughts, when he said in reply to some remark of hers, "in Asia," and, turning to me, asked,—

"Theodore, old fellow, were you ever in Paris?" And when I replied somewhat forcibly, that I had never had a chance to revel in the indulgences of foreign travel and dissipations," he answered, with the most provoking good nature,—

"Ah! yes, will some day, and you have a great treat before you," and went on monopolizing Nora as before.

"Mr. Sacres will be quite a lion with you ladies," I said decidedly, to Alice Harrison, a cousin of Nora's, whom I was thus left to entertain in spite of myself.

"He is no tired of being lionized that he would readily disgrace with that role, I think, or turn it over to some ambitious tyro," she replied, with a smile of amusement at my evident predisposition to dislike him. "He looks as if he had done with distinction to a season himself, and our neighborhood is dull enough to catch a little inspiration in that line from him, and be improved."

"Yes, I can see how we can manage to get off best on the night before the day fixed for your marriage with Wood," I heard him say distinctly. "They will have that altogether in their minds, and will think any little delay natural."

I went on to the porch with my brain all in a tumultuous whirl. What did he mean? Had they basely determined to elope on the very eve of Nora's and her marriage with me, or had they seen me as I came up, and mischievously determined to try me with such a random shaft?

I had to assure, of course, of determining.

I found Mrs. Whitfield and Miss Alice sitting in the portico, and they greeted me naturally enough, but of course they knew nothing.

Nora and Bob came in a moment after. Nora looked a little surprised and blushed on seeing me, and Bob—confound his impudence!—shook hands with me as though I were the dearest friend he had on earth.

I tried to appear as unsuspicious as possible, that his own guilty conscience, if he were not incapable of feeling, might pain him yet the more than a crime, but I am sure I must have appeared singular, and unnatural too.

Somebody was talking of the affair, when I asked, with a constrained laugh, "Suppose after all, there should be no marriage?"

"You don't intend to run off in the meantime, do you?" asked Miss Alice, looking into my face with unusual surprise.

"Oh, no!" I replied, "but I am not the only person necessary to the completion of the arrangement."

"Nora is getting a little nervous, but I don't know that she would run second or take the veil, as I have thought of doing," she answered, with a laugh.

Nora had slipped from the room a while before, When we were left alone, I did not dare tell my self-mistrust for his any more.

I could not command myself sufficiently, and my supremest comfort during the walk home was, I am sure, that I should know which to depend in our work.

I saw her once more for half an hour, but I don't think I said anything rational at all to her. The nearer the time approached, the more firmly did the idea take possession of me that she was using me as an instrument to shield herself from the watchfulness of her parents, and that she designed deceiving me at the last moment.

I never shall know how I got through the day before the marriage.

I felt like I had been making an idiot of myself when I obtained the license, but I took the piece of paper from the clerk with the conviction that I should never have any use for it, and went home.

I would not see any of my friends that evening.

When, next morning, my servant knocked at the door, and told me the carriage was waiting, I fancied the end of my torture was approaching.

I threw myself back on the seat, and as it was getting late, I requested the man to drive rapidly.

We were on the high road, when I heard the sound of horses' hoofs rapidly approaching, and locked out.

"It is Mr. Sacres' team, sir," said the driver, hastily.

At that moment a trap dashed past me, and Bob was in it, lashing the horses like fury, with a woman at his side. The "lightning" express train would pass the horses, a mile distant, in fifteen minutes.

"Stop, stop!" I cried, frantically, to my driver. "Follow them, John! Follow, for dear life, and you shall be richly rewarded."

"Isn't it time you was goin' another way, sir?" asked John, astonished.

"There is no need to go another way. We must overtake them," I shrieked, frantically.

My horses were turned, and we sped on the dusty road as fast as their feet could carry them.

I was not at all surprised, but with the great agony that took possession of me came a fierce thirst for revenge.

I would fell him to the earth at the station, with the first thing I could seize, and would at least take her back home.

I closed my eyes, with a feeling as if I were going mad, and the carriage halted. The train had passed for one brief minute.

As I jumped out I saw a man and woman step from the platform to a carriage, and it sped on and out of sight in a breath. There was Bob's trap and horses, but no one had driven them. He had driven himself, and in his usual style had left them to get back, be destroyed or stolen as chance might decree.

I stood for a moment like one in a trance, and at length returned to my own conveyance.

I gave the order for a return to my own home, but as we drove on more leisurely I concluded it might be my duty to present myself to Mr. Whitfield. The bride has fainted, was the impression that something had happened to you."

I rushed into the house, and there was Nora in her bridal robes, beautifully pale with anxiety as I entered, and in another moment surfeited with kisses.

"How is it?, I exclaimed. 'Oh, Nora, I have been so miserable under the conviction that you were gone!"

"Hush!" she whispered, as we kneel down one approaching. It is Alice Harrison. Her father brought her here under the impression that Bob was ignorant of her whereabouts, and that he would never take the trouble to follow her to persistently. I have been in their confidence from the first, and have kept up a delusion that has given you even more pain than it has done my dear mother, I see. But I am sincerely sorry for you; you deserve it for your unworthy suspicions of me."

I should most undoubtedly have taken her to my heart then and there, but for the crowd that instantly gathered about us.

I should have embraced Bob if he had been there.

But he was not, and his absence, together with that of Miss Harrison, was not discovered and understood.

The anger of Mr. and Mrs. Whitfield was scarcely restrained by the goodly company and the marriage of their daughter.

"The impudent fellow, to take her in the teeth of all opposition!" they exclaimed. "Just when her father would have relieved us of all responsibility in a week or two!"

Ah, Bob, there was the secret of the whole matter! But no one has ever had cause to regret the runaway match, either.

Bob is still an extravagant, generous and neighbor, and even his father-in-law and Mr. and Mrs. Whitfield are thoroughly persuaded of his amendment.

He has had many a laugh over my revengeful pursuit of him to the railroad station.

What Worried Him.

From the Hartford Courant.

Two men sat upon the ragged edge of the plank walk at the corner of Asylum and Main streets yesterday to have an argument over the greenback question, which had been worrying their minds for some time.

"Now," said one, as he crammed a fat of tobacco into a black pipe, "this here bond question is what worries me. You see, I'm a mechanic and seven-thirties."

"Faith, that's easy enough," said the other. "The hard money men want you to go to work at 5.30 in the morning, and quit at 7.30 in the evening.

"To blazes with 'em, I'll vote the Greenback ticket."

The Greenbacker is not addicted to telling untruths, but believes he was justified in this instance.

An Historical Fact.

During the troubles in the reign of Charles I., a country girl came to London to seek a place as servant-maid, but not succeeding she got himself to carry out the hour from a brewhouse, and was one of those called in the wood. The brewer, observing a good-looking girl in this low occupation, took her into his family as a servant, and, after a short time, married her; but he died while she was yet a young woman, and left her the bulk of his property. The business of the brewery was dropped, and to the young woman was recommended Mr. Hyde, as a skilful lawyer, to arrange her husband's affairs. Hyde, who was afterwards the great Earl of Clarendon, found the widow's fortune very considerable, married her. Of this marriage there was no other issue than a daughter, who was afterwards the wife of James II., and mother of Mary and Annie, queens of England.

The Wisest of Precautions.

Of precautions, the wisest is that which is taken against disease. There is safety in timely medicine, great peril in delay. One malady often begets others far more dangerous, and if it does not, any abnormal condition lessens the power to withstand, to become chronic and obstinate. Trifling disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels or urinary organs may speedily develop into formidable maladies, if neglected at the outset with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which although it is wonderfully effective in overcoming disorders of long standing, is like any other medicinal preparation, more advantageous to the invalid when administered in the early stages than after they have become chronic. Among these are dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation, kidney disease, nervousness, rheumatism, malaria, nervous and general debility, and urinary troubles. The bitters are a capital appetizer, induce sound repose, and counteract the effects of fatigue and exposure.

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CAUTION! Pond's Extract has been imitated. The genuine article has the words Pond's Extract blown on every bottle. It is prepared by the only persons living who ever knew how to prepare it. Beware of all other preparations of Witch Hazel. This is the only preparation sold by the trade, or by druggists of this country and Europe.

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Is perfectly satisfied with the suit he bought at the

GRAND DEPOT, 15th STREET.

"HIS GRANDMOTHERS"

Are looking at some of those handsome $25.00. Coats at Bargains.

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"MY MOTHER-IN-LAW"

Was pleased to know that she could return all she bought and get her money back. But she kept all she bought at the

GRAND DEPOT, 15th STREET.

"HER BEAUTIFUL AUNT"

Finds all she wants in the line of Choice Toilet Articles at the

GRAND DEPOT, 15th STREET.

"OUR NEW MINISTER."

elected after Hat, splendid Fall Overcoat and comfortable fitting Boots at the

GRAND DEPOT, 15th STREET.

"THAT HORRID GIRL"

Buys all her Gloves, Ribbons, Laces, Hosiery, and Underwear at the

GRAND DEPOT, 15th STREET.

"THAT AWFUL BOY"

Was at first a little hard to please, but went home delighted with his new suit. Paid Him and Overcoat from the

GRAND DEPOT, 15th STREET.

"OUR COUNTRY COUSIN"

Needs by mail for samples of elegant Dress Goods; then sends her orders, and the goods pre-paid. "U. G. S." to her entire satisfaction.

JOHN WANAMAKER,

GRAND DEPOT, 13th STREET,

PHILADELPHIA.

A GREAT OFFER!

Read what the Editor of the Christian Union says of the Estey Organ:

"We have had in our office for some months one of the Estey Cottage Organs, which has given entire satisfaction. The Estey Organ is a very popular instrument, and for the little it costs capable of being produced by the improved methods of manufacture."

The Waters' Pianos are well known among the very best. Their Upright Pianos, 7 1/3 octaves, are sold at prices to suit the times, and with confidence from personal knowledge. Second-hand Pianos, $75 to $150.

We can speak of the merits of the Waters' Piano from personal knowledge, as we have had one in our family for the past year.—Christian Union.

Philadelphia Warerooms:

C. J. HEPPE,

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Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.

Gives a soft pearly whiteness to the skin, removes Freckles, Pimples, Tan, Sunburn, Redness of Heat, and leaves the complexion as clear and bright as transparent crystal.

ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP. Cures Scaly Eruptions, Blotches, Blackheads, Rough Skin, Chafed and Chapped Hands, Shaving Irritation, Chafed and Chapped Face and Lips, and Baby Blemishes.

POUDRE SUBTILE OR DEPILATORY POWDER. Instantly removes Superfluous Hair from the face and hands, &c., without injury to the most delicate skin. Sent by mail, securely sealed, on receipt of price, $1 per bottle.

LILY WHITE FOR THE COMPLEXION.—Removing it instantly and secure effect. Price $1, per box.

LIQUID LOTION FOR THE HAIR.—A perfect and harmless remedy for the growth of the hair. Price $1 per bottle.

For sale by Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers, and by

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD,
No. 48 Bond Street, New York.

DR WARNER'S
HEALTH CORSET
An Unparalleled Health and Self-Adjusting Corset.
Unequalled for Beauty, Style and Comfort.
APPROVED BY ALL PHYSICIANS.
For sale by Leading Merchants.
Manufactured by
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RUPTURE

DR. C. BIGELOW,
Confidential Physician.

Special attention to PRIVATE CASES. Consultation free. Pamphlet free. Office, 251 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

UNHAPPY MARRIAGE RELATIONS.—Dr. Foote, Physician and Surgeon, Author of Medical Common Sense, &c., 24 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

ANY LADY can make $3 daily at home. Address with stamp, Mrs. M. A. GRAVES, Troy, N. Y.

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15 CENTS FOR AN ELEGANT Set of Cards, with name, 10c. Agent's outfit for HELEN BEARD & CO., Madison Sq. Church, N. Y.

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$12 inch with an elegant Chain attached, Free to Agents. Sample Watch and Chain, 50c. Catalogue Free. Address, with stamp, C. D. KENNEY & CO., Chicago, Ill.

GOLD WATCH THAT COSTS from $150 to $250. Will sell you a watch for your own price. Send stamp for circulars. Address, with stamp, C. D. KENNEY & CO., Chicago, Ill.

J. BRIDE & CO.,
CLINTON PLACE, 7 AND 9 NINTH STREET, NEW YORK.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Sidney's Choice.

"I, for one, shall not call on them."

The speaker was one of a bevy of girls who were discussing a removed acquaintance become a gentleman of their acquaintance and a young gentleman in the north.

"Why, Sidney?" exclaimed several.

"Because I will not be known to them by sight. She had attended the same Sunday school with me, become a member of the same church—had knelt at the same chancel rail in the solemn communion service.

She widowed mother had not been able to send her to an academy or seminary, or she could surely have had that advantage. Her education had been gained at the "common school," however, in the broad sense that makes the common school the leader from an air and manhine to God's poorest and humblest child.

"But I," said Mabel Vane, with a toss of her head and little laugh, "I, for one, am sure that my son can be so blinded by beauty. He might know that 'our set' would not receive her."

That of the thoughtless group expressed the same opinion. One dignified girl was silent.

"Come, Allie, out with it. I see disapproval most written plainly on those curling lips."

Allie Vernon answered quietly:

"I wish I could say as you talk, that Somerton was the only place of importance in the world."

"And so it is, as far as we are concerned," declared Mabel, emphatically. "I tell you, Allie Vernon, you may make light of it, but a consciousness of that kind is not to be scorned."

"Perhaps we shall not be honored with cards when the girl comes home to come after."

"Hem, I believe. Isn't it a pity?" I always thought Sidney Moore was almost the nicest one of our lot."

This is but a specimen of the comments upon the engagement. Sidney was too well versed in the ways of the fashionable world not to know how much gossip there would be about it, but she was profoundly indifferent as to what his "set" thought or said.

He had been struck with Elsie's face, and had tried, after the fashion of the day, to flirt with her, but without success.

The large eyes were blue as the sky in June—instead ever him—not haughtily—but unconsciously. So the fluttering handkerchief was returned to his pocket again.

He grew to time that is an accustomed to be met her, and she could not avoid the knowledge that the gentleman was going considerably out of his usual way for some reason.

Her mind was at once pure and innocent to suspect an insult, neither did she think for a moment of a serious intention on his part.

Try as he would, Sidney could not win a willing response to his ardent glance, though, one day, such a look did delight, he was rewarded for his persistence.

It is beyond a young girl's power to control a blush, or the delicate color which tinted her round cheek would not have deepened so perceptibly at his approach, until from a ring portion of the palest red it was like the rose itself.

His triumph was brief, he understood the hint when the next day a dignified maiden met and passed him without a glance, her face covered with a veil.

It was an entirely new appendage to her toilette, and, if his vanity might construe it into a confession of weakness, it was also a flag which said "an entrender."

Man is not fond of being thwarted and a pursuit which commenced in jest ended in earnest.

He saw that he must change his tactics, however, if he wished for an acquaintance.

The young people at the church were dressing it for a Sunday school anniversary.

Sidney dropped in one evening and made himself very useful.

He drew upon his lavish acquirements and cut some showy-looking letters from pasteboard, which looked very fine when covered with the delicate cedar sprays, and arranged in fantastic motions.

One industrious girl seated in a quiet corner worked so rapidly at her long evergreen wreath that she kept several "bunches" busy.

After a time she arose, and, with a wreath in her hands, approached the fount and accidentally, of course, Sidney drifted that way, and hearing one arm on the fount, he leant forward, saying, the while he gazed in her gentle face:

"Permit me to assist you in the manufacturing of these wreaths."

Elsie coldly bowed her willingness, and the next minute Sidney commenced hunching the grecas into convenient clusters for her.

He was a florist for the rest of the evening and was rewarded at last by the appearance of the kind old superintendent, who introduced him to Elsie, little dreaming that what a kindness he was conferring upon the young man.

At the close of the evening Sidney asked to accompany her home, and requested permission to call some time and leave a book which they had discussed over the wreath.

This was the prelude to a series of calls, and it would have surprised the gay girls of his set could they have seen him at Elsie's.

He was the same bright, amusing fellow as ever—but with a difference. All his touchy hance and indifference had vanished. The sarcastic stain to had waked to life. The consuming, plainly dressed girl, whose only ornament had looked from her limpid blue eyes straight into his heart, and held the coal of it heavenly fire to his lips and transformed him.

He was no longer the slave of fifty and the world of prejudice single handed, if need be, for her he loved.

Such a love was without many heartburnings on the part of the lover. Like the shot petals of the rose in bud her maidenly coyness hid the passion which was filling her bosom with a strange unrest. The more enjoyed she felt at his presence the lower drooped the white lids over eyes which she feared might reveal her secret.

But rumor said true for once. They were engaged.

After their marriage Sidney took his bride on an extensive wedding tour, and then settled down not engaged life without much thought of change, only ten miles from the city of their former home.

Sidney's business was very successful, and he was able to live handsomely on making five thousand a year.

Elsie's mother was left in the market for some time—had found a purchaser. It stood upon an elevated site, overlooked the sea on the one side, and on the other a magnificent stretch of country, diversified with hill and dale.

The leading families were on the qui vive to know the names of the new comers.

After a time it was whispered about that an authoress, who had risen to fame by a work which had proved the literary success of the season—orders for it pouring in faster than the publisher could have them printed—had chosen Summerton for her future home; and that she was now the owner of Pemberton Hall, and intended to give a reception when it was put in thorough order and refurnished, at which time her identity would, of course, be revealed.

As yet, only a select few knew her real name.

This news created a flutter among the young people, and was the cause of great prosperity to the town dressmakers, so many new dresses were to be made, to be in readiness for the grand occasion.

The evening of the reception came.

Carriage after carriage rolled up to the door and left its brilliant or distinguished load, until the spacious rooms were filled.

Departing from the usual custom, the hostess was not waiting to receive her guests.

In her place stood the venerable Mr. Bertram and his stately wife.

After the company had assembled, he stepped forward and said—

"My friends, I am about to give you a pleasant surprise. I am sure it will gratify you as much to hear, as it is for me to tell you, that the gifted authoress, whose nom de plume is, as I may say, ringing through the land, belongs to us—to Somerton—by birth and early association, and has chosen to make it her permanent home. You will understand her absence from the early part of this reception when I tell you that this is the fifth anniversaryof the wedding-day—that which we have all honored custom, it is to be memorised on this, the first social occasion, held in her new residence.

At this moment a bustle was noticeable in the hall, and a couple entered and took their places before the good old pastor, who at once pronounced the nuptial benediction over their bowed heads for the second time.

It gave him heartfelt pleasure to find in the gifted young authoress, Elsie Cantrell, now Mrs. Sidney Moore.

It was a proud moment for Sidney, when the brilliant throng pressed round them with congratulations.

A prophet is without honor in his own country, but when stamped with the insignia of the world's approval one's townspeople are generally glad to swell the verdict of praise.

It was so in this case.

Guests from abroad were given the precedence, then old acquaintances and friends of Sidney came and offered their need of pleasant words to Elsie.

Sidney had chosen his wife, all unaware of her previous gift which she possessed.

She had kept it hidden—even from him—until her success was assured.

Like a true child of genius she was distrustful of her power and had written because a voice within bade her to be heard, and dreaming that the creation of her brain would place her on the pedestal of fame.

Congratulations were ended, and all proceeded to the supper-room.

An exclamation of admiration burst from every lip as they entered.

The exquisitely appointed table was richly decorated.

Tall epergnes of exquisite carving in Swiss work in wood—white and stainless as the purest snow—held rare tropical fruits, grouped with artistic skill.

Vases of the same delicate workmanship supported pyramids of blooms and fragrance. In the middle of the table rose an immense centerpiece shaped something like a huge cardcase, and, only its position and size, more generous as were the guests, and upon each one rested a tiny vase also carved in wood as artistically as were the larger ones, and holding a delicate bouquet.

Each guest was to be presented with one at departure as a souvenir of the house warming at Pemberton Hall.

It is a custom to England for a landlord to call the attention of the company to the bill of fare by plats and quarts of beer to credit customers by calling out to them "Pints and Qts."

MINT JULEPS.

One of the most popular of modern drinks. Plinie Miller, the Roman naturalist, thinks it a sovereign repair, in manner of a julep or syrup—crying the greeks of the midriffs and generally parts under the diaphragm. Hudibras describes it thus:

Julep—from the Latin word Julepus, means water sweetened and thickened with much sugar. Milton applies it to

A pleasant, and at the same time exhilarating drink.

MISFORTUNE NEVER COME SINGLE.

The original of this saying is Misfortune seldom comes alone. It was a proverb much used at one period in France. Mr. Jefferson, when Minister Plenipotentiary to that country, in 1787, touched upon its use in a letter to Mr. Adams, dated Paris, January 25, 1787. The origin of the proverb is in the words of old and young, the grass ayr by the grass ayr. "My name is Hallow" simply appropriately to the case, and of which the above is a corruption, and is frequently used with much effect, when you have to deal with hypocrites or the sin ayrly affected.

MIDSHIPMEN, ORIGIN OF THE TERM.

The large berths for the officers which are laid immediately high forecastles, quarter-decks and roundhouses, but no gangways, arbour. There was, therefore, a want of room for the officers to walk fore and fast, like the whispered words which, heard at last our long, long silence.

"Marcy-cord, I am hear her step! She is coming!"

I dared not trust myself to meet the beautiful creature, whose step I heard upon his stairway, but stood with my back to the door, my stalwart figure across the doorway.

Thence, from their station, then messengers were called "midshipmen."

MISTAKEN MATTERS.

From the word "mimic," to dissemble, to cut in small pieces, to speak with affected softness, to walk in short steps or gait, comes the word "mincing," an expression, and is frequently used with much effect, when you have to deal with hypocrites or the sin ayrly affected.

MIND YOUR P'S AND Q'S.

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